messing about in BOATS

Volume 30 – Number 7

November 2012

Special Features This Issue

Fort DeSoto Messabout – Criss-Crossing Casco
Swedish Steam and Braided Whipcord
Fishers Island Paddle – Round the Isle of Wight
"Joy": Dick Newick's Sailing/Cruising Kayak
More on Oars

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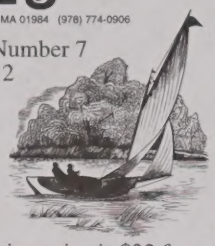

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Here it is the end of September as I write this and another season is fast slipping away (except maybe in Florida where it is just getting going)? While I seem to have been pretty busy since last April, it also seems that there's a lot I've left undone as the winter weather closes in on us. Perhaps this has happened to some of you, too?

I've been around way too long to really believe that I'd get to do all I that I envisioned during the winter doing for the coming season, like New Year's resolutions much falls away as things get moving with springtime. In my case, pursuing several interests in parallel, I find my focus ebbs and flows from one to another as circumstances arise.

Much of this has to do with the availability of congenial companions with whom to share my activities. Over the last decade (my 70s) I had gradually abandoned adventuring alone, realizing that the advancing years raised some concerns about "what happens if?" Having someone along to pick up the pieces should I falter in my efforts seemed like it might be a good thing.

On the water activities posed the greatest potential risks to my going solo as the medium is not my natural environment. Falling in poses a much greater threat to my well being than falling off during a land-based activity does. I've fallen off a number of times while motorcycling (64 years provide a high statistical probability that it will happen) and cycling, but I was on solid ground and could lie there until I determined if it would be OK to get up. It always was. The several times I've fallen in while kayaking (never happened in far fewer sailing and rowing outings) were moments of great challenge to me to "get up" again quickly. It was really helpful to have companions on those occasions.

I do have small circles of congenial companions for my paddling, cycling and motorcycling, albeit three entirely different groups. With all this companionship in hand the issue that then arises is who will be available to join me (and when)?

My motorcycling companions are still young enough to be locked up in gainful employment all week so we have to do our riding weekends. And then, from time to time, they have family stuff that gets in the way (not an issue for me).

Both my cycling companions are free to head out during the week, one is self-employed at home (like me), the other an early retiree. So cycling is always a weekday activity. We own our favorite back roads with the cubicle dwellers viewing their computer screens, the soccer moms home from school deliveries and pickups and the mall cruisers safely corralled in the malls.

For a number of years now my paddling buddy has been Charlie, who as a now 40 years a quadraplegic, is free to come and go pretty much as he pleases. But during the summer of 2011 "going" meant a six-week trip to Montana, creating a hiatus in paddling for me. This past summer all seemed promising but he suffered a month long disabling physical condition that precluded sitting in kayak for two to three hours at a time, again a hiatus for me. I filled up those play days ashore cycling but my on-the-water season was substantially curtailed.

You might ask why not broaden that circle of potential companions by joining clubs or other locals sharing my interests? The problem then arises about "pace," how fast do they wish to go, or how far. Charlie ran into this when a couple of 50-something paddlers in a woodworking group he belonged to suggested they join him on an outing. At the launch, they immediately took off across the lake at flank speed ("hut-two-three-four…"), still burdened with competitive drive despite being way "over the hill," while Charlie just wanted to paddle alongshore observing the wildlife and immersing himself (figuratively) in the outdoor ambiance.

My retired cycling buddy is a castoff from the roadie cyclists who ride in large groups (pelotons dreaming of the Tour de France) seeing only the backs of the guys in front of them for miles. After a bad spill several years ago caused some spinal cord damage and he could no longer keep up the pace, he was "dropped" by the group. It's a hard world they play in! So he fits into my league nicely, another "Geezer & Gimp" scenario. I seem to be able to match the limitations of my age against those the younger guys have from physical issues.

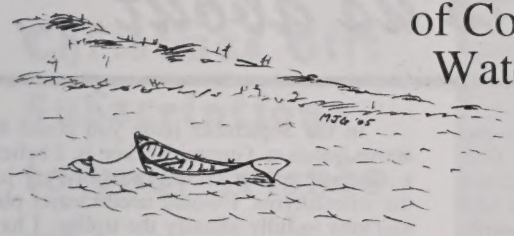
I play my games with younger guys who still want to get out there and go somewhere. Many of my own age group, who I've known for years and shared experiences with, are already gone, and the rest seem to be suffering from all sorts of limiting complaints and no longer wanna play!

So maybe amongst this coming winter's "projects" will be some efforts to find some additional congenial companions for my 2013 "season." Every year now I view the coming one as perhaps the last one in which I will be able to pursue my present interests. This "last chance" scenario does lend urgency to getting myself off my own butt and out there doing something. And when, as has happened once again in 2012, I arrive at the season's end still 100% functional it's a big plus being able to look forward to yet another year to play!

On the Cover...

"Swedish Steam" in action in last summer's Blackburn Challenge rowing/paddling race around Massachusetts' Cape Ann. To find out what "Swedish Steam" is all about, go to page 19 where Roger Crossland will tell you.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)

Went out for a sail last Sunday and discovered breeze enough to share with numerous boats. I couldn't be bothered to take a reef, so had to suffer the indignity of heeling over thirty degrees for much of the afternoon. The tide and wind had a disagreement, as usual, about the preferred direction of the sea. Consequently, it proved a mite choppy, but not enough to don foul weather gear. A delightful afternoon immediately followed. It's finally come to that time of year when abundant wind is available by the bagful; when fifteen knots can be found without much searching.

Earlier this week, I was varnishing rails on a Dyer 29 docked in her slip. The air felt balmy and dry for a change and the breeze dried the varnish in minutes. An obvious sailor (he had grey hair and a six inch ring in his ear) sauntered down the pier, whistling a chantey and twirling his marlinspike.

"Lovely day for a sail," I suggested.

"Good day to drown, you mean," he observed. "It's blowing twenty-eight knots."

"I suppose I'd allow you a reef or two," I replied.

"There's a seagull stuck in your varnish," he observed.

You know the type: always changes the subject when it proves inconvenient to lie. I've never yet found that to be a particular problem. Besides, it was too good a drying day to waste it sailing: I managed to lavish fourteen coats on that Dyer in forty minutes. This time of year, varnishing vessels outdoors is problematic. Some days you need to hold an umbrella over the part that you varnish.

I'm hoping there'll be some work indoors before the snow gets too far over my knees. Otherwise, I'll be forced to stay home and write in my journal. Just now I'm busy scheduling book signings. I'm making the rounds of libraries, bookshops, and cafés nearby Noank. I've limited my driving to an hour in every direction. At least I had until I was reintroduced to The Bunch of Grapes in Vineyard Haven. I first went there a year ago aboard *MoonWind*. It's a lovely bookshop located in the center of the village. They emailed me and asked if I'd like to give a reading this autumn.

I immediately laid out a rhumb line to the bookstore. Fifty miles to Cuttyhunk the first day. The next day cut through Canapitsit Channel, breeze up Vineyard Sound a dozen miles, then chase the ferry round West Chop and into the village harbor.

"Ferry," I mused. "Alternative methods of travel."

A dim light lighted in the murk between my ears. I could drive to New Bedford and avail myself of public transportation. Instead of towing my Whitehall seventy miles and rowing ashore through the chop from a transient mooring, I could disembark with quality from a huge, impeccable vessel; saunter down the gangway with a studied nonchalance; straighten my paisley silk ascot; hail a cab with a wave of my cane; and be driven the last three blocks to The Bunch of Grapes.

It's true I wouldn't be nearly so salty as I'd get sailing in on *MoonWind*. This time of year, my beard tends to get a bit caked with spray and it takes my mermaid an hour to comb it out. I'd be able to swagger, or stagger, or whatever sailors do after being aboard a plunging vessel for months and months and months. I have to decide what image I ought to portray: unwashed, salty dog or debonair author. In either case, I need to remember to leave my slimy sea boots by the door.

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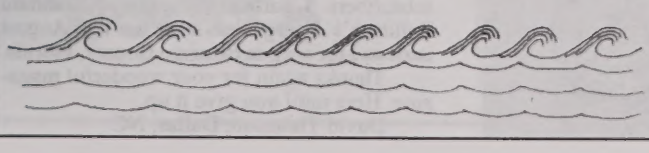

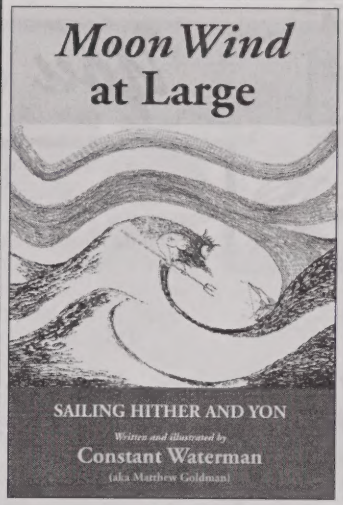

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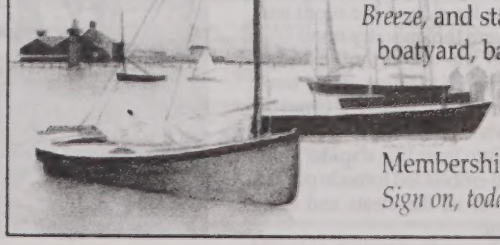


You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

Changing Over After 60 Years

Sales of my Shearwater *True North* and a 10hp Bukh Diesel I had (for use in another boat) in 2011 resulted from my ads in *MAIB*. Earlier I had sold a wooden Melonseed skiff as a result of a *MAIB* ad. In my opinion your magazine is THE MOST EFFECTIVE MEDIUM for the sale of somewhat eccentric boats.

We now have an Albin-25 named the *Nord Stjerne* (*North Star* in Norwegian). We needed a new name that would coordinate with our dinghy, *Due South*. The Albin was built in Sweden in 1976 and is powered by a 36hp Volvo-Penta Diesel. Someone on the *WoodenBoat* Forum recently called this boat "a brilliant design."

After we acquire a bit of experience in this motor vessel, I'll write something for *MAIB* about "changing over" following 60 years of sailing. We moored the new boat on a slip in our local Rock River for the month of June in order to acquire some experience in operating and maneuvering with its single large screw. After a couple of cruises in Maine, watching with envy how the watermen handle their single-screw lobster boats, I thought it worthwhile to try and acquire some degree of expertise in that skill.

Nick Scheuer, Rockford, IL

Missed Reinhard

Looks like I just missed meeting Reinhard back in '93, as we were in Flamingo Florida, for the March Monster, too. North of Florida it was called the Storm of the Century. We were in the little marina there with our Stiletto catamaran. I used every line we had to tie to dock and trees, stripped the sails, ballasted with some water, etc. We then abandoned ship and sought shelter in the visitor center with other boaters and campers. We camped out behind the counter, which was a good thing. The squall line sounded like a train coming, and when it hit, it blew a horizontal shower straight through the screens. Being on the lee side of the room and counter, I think we were the only dry ones.

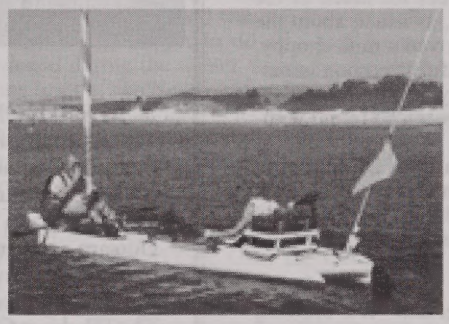
While we're on the subject of extreme weather, we lost two friends to Hugo. They were on a 45' CSK catamaran, well inland of Charleston. Another friend who went to retrieve the boat said Brian had it tied into trees like a spider web. An eyewitness said an embedded tornado picked up the boat, ripping off all the cleats and slam dunked it upside down.

About a year later we stopped at a brand new gas station/restaurant on I95 more than 50 miles from Charleston. They had pictures of the old station/restaurant, it looked like the place had taken a direct hit from a bomb, nothing left standing.

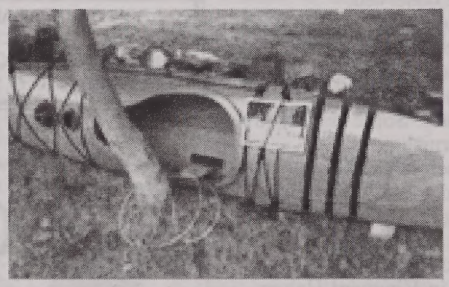
Dock Shuter, Glasco, NY

Designs...

Glimpses



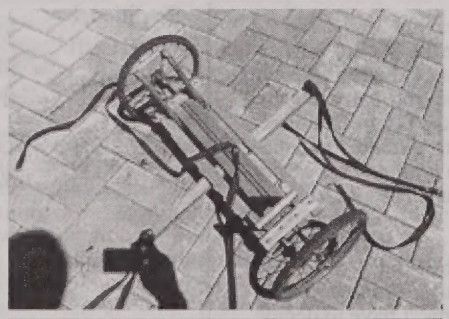
Kayak, sailboat, powerboat... submarine?
Harvey Petersil, Hamilton, MA

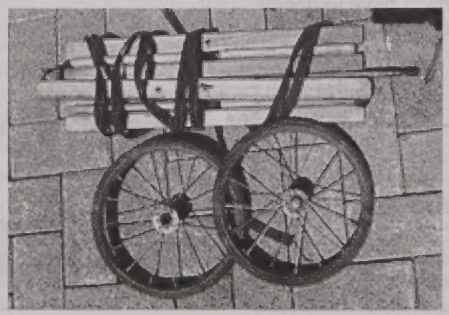


Not enuf doityerself!
John Bailey, Danvers, MA

Information of Interest...

Whose Cart is This?



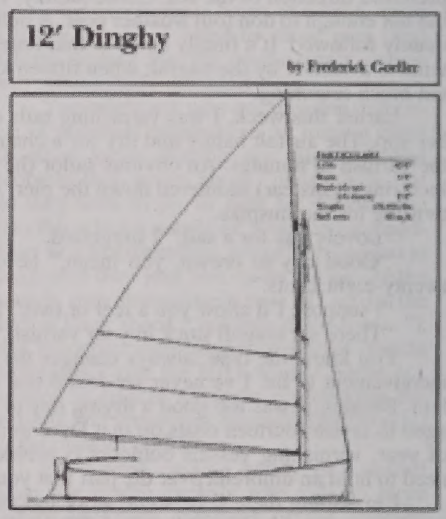


In the September issue you posed the above question. Gummi Beckee is, I believe a German manufacturer, possibly of just the wheels/tyres. I would need clearer photographs to fully identify the trolley. I have several photos of German canoe trollies and would be glad to help given clearer photos

Tony Ford, Historic Canoe & Kayak Association,UK

Projects...

East End Project



Work will begin this fall on what will be next year's raffle boat, the Goeller 12' dinghy. Our first order of business will be once again undertaking the lofting process. We still have a lot to learn as we work out the subtle details of this vessel.

Our skipper, Ray Hartjen, will be taking the lead on this boat. Since we are starting this boat in the fall, five months earlier than any other boat, we will be able to expand the skills of our members as each step is undertaken.

Ray Hartjen, East End Classic Boat Society, 301 Bluff Rd, Amagansett, NY 11930, (631) 324-2490, eecbs.org, Rhartjen@hamptons.com

Three Boats in Seven Years

I built a Bolger Gypsy in 2005, a PD Racer in 2009 and a Jordan kayak in 2010.

Thank you for all the work you do and have done for so many years! I really enjoy your magazine.

Wes Lewis, Deming, WA

This Magazine...

Still Enjoying *MAIB*

I continue to very much enjoy *MAIB*. I haven't done as much messing the last few years as it seems I've had to work harder for less benefit, as have many of your working subscribers. I particularly enjoyed Reinhard Zollitsch's Everglades story in the August issue as I grew up in Broward County, Florida.

Thanks again for your wonderful magazine. Here until you give it up.

David Thornton, Dallas, NC

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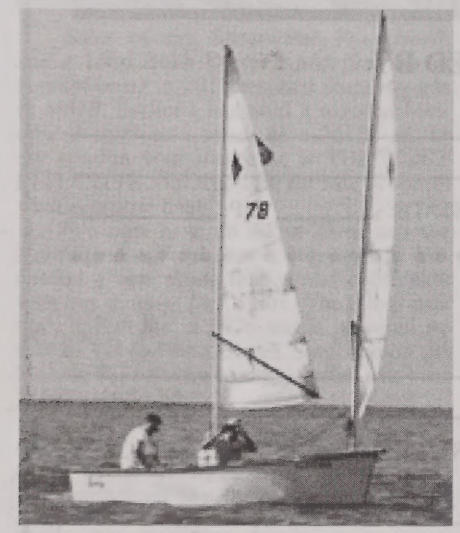
Fort Desoto Messabout

By Dave Lucas
Ron Hoddinott Photos

Michael Burwell's Marsh Hen sailing fast.



Lively, Dale Niemann's Core Sound 17 with Dale, son Guy and friend aboard.

Terry and Ruth Nagel in their rescued 1962 Penguin with cat rig.

I know, we always say that it was the best sailing day ever but it really was probably a perfect sailing day for the messabout at Ft DeSoto in early Septemeber, a steady wind 10-12, sunny, clear water and white sand beaches. The trailer sailors showed up en mass and a bunch of others were there also. My guess is that there were 30 boats, it's hard to say because they were all over the place and moving around.

Bill Fite was in a sailing kayak instead of his Sea Pearl, in fact, the Sea Pearls were notable in their absence. Just one I think. Crazy Steve's tiny ketch was impressive, a Wee Lassie 11' ultra light canoe not meant to be a sailboat really zipping along, except when he had to slow down to bail.

Howard was in the #8 Cortez melon and announced that he was getting too old for these things, no more sailboats for him. I'm hoping that his next boat will be a paddle wheel steamboat.

Doug Engh had his Penobscot 14 down from Gainesville and was much improved since Cedar Key, maybe a week at the wooden boat school taught him the fine points.

I sailed along with the Goat Island skiff for a long time to compare our performance in *Laylah*, my Cortez melonseed, and we were pretty close. Overall in these conditions he was a little faster except for straight downwind. In a blow he could plane away from me and in a lighter wind I'd probably be faster due to my slicker round hull.

Trimaran Frank had his self-designed tri with a new factory made red and white sail. He just sits in his big chair, steers with his feet and enjoys the day.

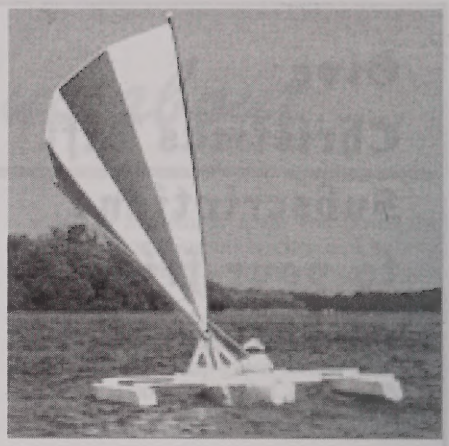
Mike Burwell was in a pretty boat with an odd shaped sail, the one with a blue M and H. The foot was about as long as the luff but he could point and run right with me also, if he'd had a crew to hold it down he'd have left me in his wake.

The Paine's had their "No Man's Land" boat and it liked the conditions, if only it had a bigger sail.

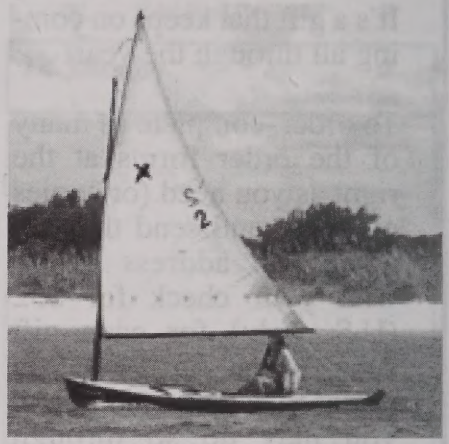
Peter the Plumber had his family out in his Super Cat, Pete can really sail that thing. We watched him pull up into the wind, go up and mess with something, back it down, turn and accelerate off like a rocket.

Wally had his new Cortez melon out for the first time, #13, the yellow one. He named it *Dyslexia* because he is. Notice the sail number on the "other" side of his sail. His mast step broke but Museum John fixed it up with rope stays good enough to get back to the dock.

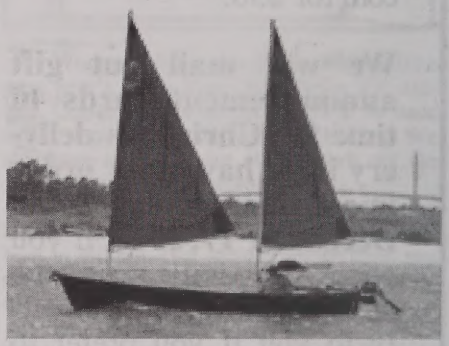
Later on back home with our melons, we had to make a pit stop at the tiki hut before we could unhook the trailers.



Frank Smoot sailing his self-designed and built folding trimaran!



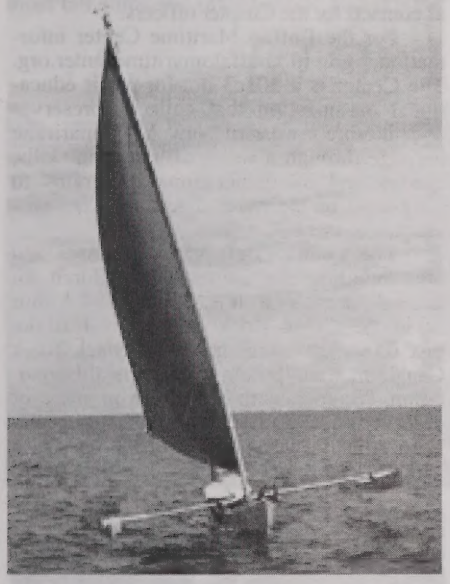
Dave Lucas of Lucas Boat Works sailing his Cortez Melonseed *Layla*.



Déjà vu, Sea Pearl 21 sailed by Fred Metcalf.

Wally's new Melonseed getting rig fixed.—*Photo by Dave Lucas*

Dimitri Krinos making his Escape Rhumba plane!



Mark Stewart passing St Somewhere!

Another Cortez Melonseed, Howard's.

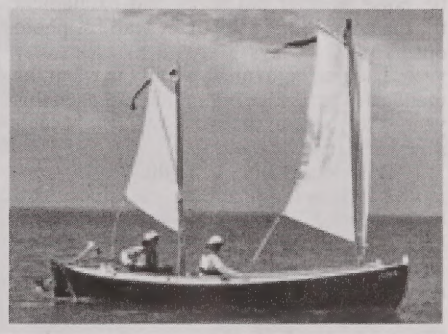
Simon and Christi sailing the *Goat*!

Doug's Penobscot 14 *Ransome* enjoying the breeze!

Russ and Merlyn aboard their Potter 15.

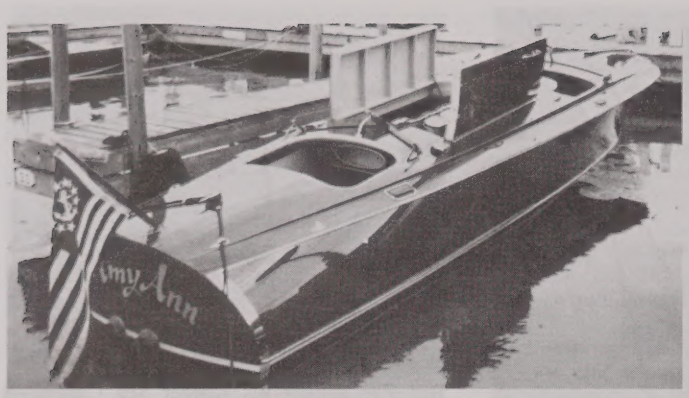
Bill Fite sailing his Kruger Sea Canoe.—*Photo by Dave Lucas*

Peter Bogaz rips along aboard his Super Cat!



Rex and Kathy Payne had a sparkling sail aboard their new Nomans Land boat.

Ray Almodovar aboard his American 18.—*Photo by Dave Lucas*



Classic mahogany speedboat and contemporary min-tug.

ACBS Boat Show 2012

By Greg Grundtisch

The 35th Annual Niagara Frontier Chapter of the Antique and Classic Boat Society Show was somewhat of a no show. It was held at the Buffalo Launch Club on Grand Island, New York, on August 8. The weather for Saturday, the main show day, was windy with heavy rain at times. That all ended around noon when the winds diminished and the rain stopped. Then the sun appeared. Unfortunately the morning rains kept many boats at home and the basin was sparsely filled as a result. There were ten wooden cabin cruisers on the outer wall and scattered about in the basin in various places were several varnished mahogany boats of several sizes and types and a couple of classic fiberglass boats of '60s vintage.

The hydroplanes and Jersey speed skiffs were on the river racing and provided a little noise, rooster tail spray and excitement for the crowd lining the outer wall for photo ops. This is always a crowd pleaser every year. The real enjoyment usually is when the mahogany boats race but it didn't happen this year, likely due to the wind and rain at their scheduled time on Saturday.

There was to be, according to the promotional material, "a fleet of Alden sailboats, headed by the *Dreamer*, a 60' Alden ketch. There were no Aldens nor *Dreamer* in attendance. No show, and no one who I asked seemed to know why or what an Alden was. This year's "Featured Boats" were to be Shepherds, but I could locate only one. Bad weather likely the reason?

But, there were some hardy folks who would not let a little weather spoil their fun. Debbie and Dennis Adams were two who are regular attendees. They own *Windrush*, a 1915 yawl. They are very friendly, knowledgeable and hospitable folks who invite any onboard who would like to see their beautiful vessel. They were also very helpful towing the Buffalo Maritime Centers shallop *Scajaquada* to the event. Brian Hellner was another not to be deterred by rain. He has a 50' Mathews cruiser, and he and his crew towed the Center's *White Electra* to the show. All are members of the Buffalo Maritime Center and are very generous and helpful with their time, talent and boats.

The Buffalo Maritime Center's director, Roger Allen, and some of the Center's volunteers, were not to be deterred by a little squall either. As it was too windy to set up the display tent, several lashed themselves to chairs under an umbrella table and waited out the gale in oilskins, while others ran for the clubhouse lounge and moored themselves to stools to wait out the storm. In the water were the Center's battery powered *White Electra* launch and the 1880s replica fishing shallop *Scajaquada*. On land were a couple of Rangeley boats, a St Lawrence skiff, a 14' rowing and sailing boat, along with a Bird Class sailing scow.

Around the grounds there were boats of all sorts. A section for boats for sale, a section of display boats ranging from canoes and kayaks, to a tug and larger cabin boats. There also was a section for fiberglass runabouts of the '50s and '60s, now becoming classic boats. There was an area of vendors selling nautical items as well as the hats and t-shirts of the various clubs and boat makes.

Despite the bad weather early on, the show was reasonably well attended. This is one of the largest shows of its type on this side of the country and seems to keep on growing. The Launch Club grounds and facilities are very attractive, and the location on the Niagara River is beautiful.

Follow Up Information

For the Niagara Frontier Chapter ACBS, go to OldBoatsBuffalo.org. The site includes info about membership, events and workshops, photo gallery, shop space for boat work, as well as contacts for the Chapter officers.

For the Buffao Maritime Center information, go to buffalomaritimecenter.org. The Center is a 501c3 not-for-profit educational organization that collects, preserves and interprets western New York maritime heritage through a series of hands-on skills, classes and intergenerational programs to get people on the water. The Center is also a chapter of the TSCA.

The Center offers various classes and boat building for adults and children all throughout the year. It is located at 90 Arthur St in the Black Rock section of Buffalo, just down the street from the Black Rock Canal. In their brochure appears this quotation, "Sailors, with their built in sense of order, service, and discipline, should really be running the world." (Nicholas Monsarrat). Ya think?

Dennis and Debbie Adams' 1915 yawl *Windrush*.

The Buffalo Maritime Center display.

Scajaquada getting a tow from *Windrush*.

Spacious docks at the Buffalo Launch club were sparsely populated.

The *Empire Sandy* Visits Buffalo

By Greg Grundtisch

The City of Buffalo's waterfront has been undergoing many changes and development over the past several years and to enhance the experience and draw more people to the area, special events are scheduled over the summer. One of these events was to have the Tern Schooner *Empire Sandy* spend August 6-8 in town for scheduled tours and a dinner for the local VIPs.

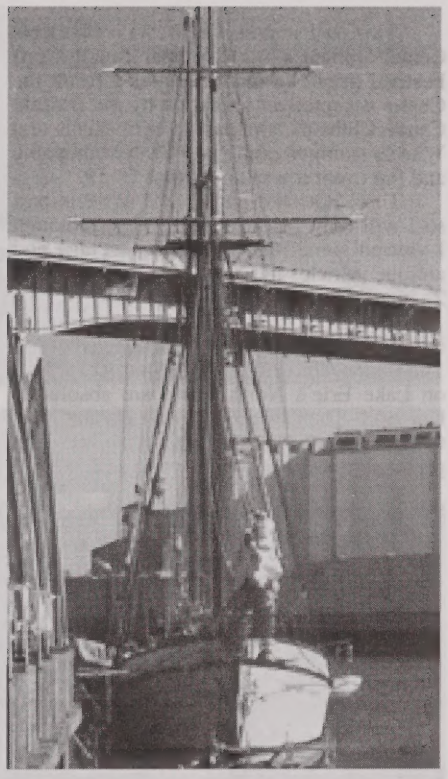
The *Empire Sandy* is the last of 1,465 Empire ships built or "acquired" for use during WWII. She is a Tern Schooner, a three-masted schooner, and is the largest tall ship sailing the Great Lakes. She was originally used as a British deep sea tug to salvage damaged WWII merchant ships during the battle of the Atlantic and other naval battles. After the war she was sold and eventually found her way to the Great Lakes. She had several owners over the years and was last used to push log rafts around to mills on Lake Superior.

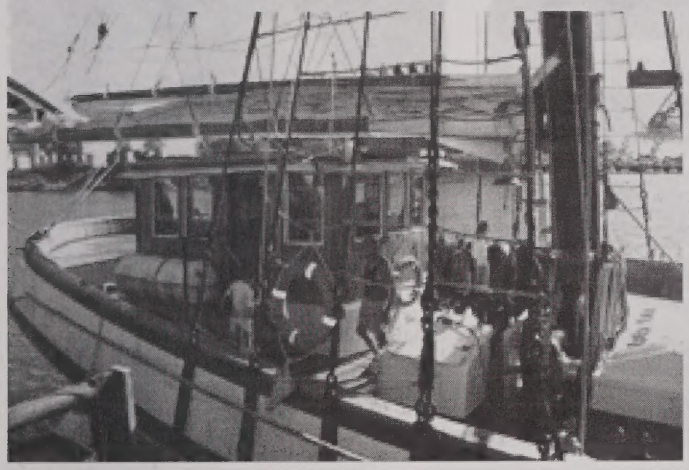
Three days before she was scheduled to be scrapped in the early '70s, she was rescued by Norm Rogers, founder of Nautical Adventures. He borrowed money to convert *Empire Sandy* to an 1800s style schooner. He also returned to her her original *Empire Sandy* name. She had previously sailed under several different names.

The *Empire Sandy* now sails out of Toronto Harbor as a charter cruise ship. Like most tall ships she offers public and private

charters, has dinner cruises and attends special events around Lakes Ontario and Erie.

The *Empire Sandy* is 203' long, has a beam of 30' and a sail area of 11,000sf. She has a steel hull and was built in 1943 at Willington Quay-on Tyne in the UK. Her current schedule can be found at Empiresandy.com or google Empire Sandy. The Wikipedia info is extensive for those who would like to learn more of her past and how she was converted, as well as information about her rebuild and Nautical Adventures.





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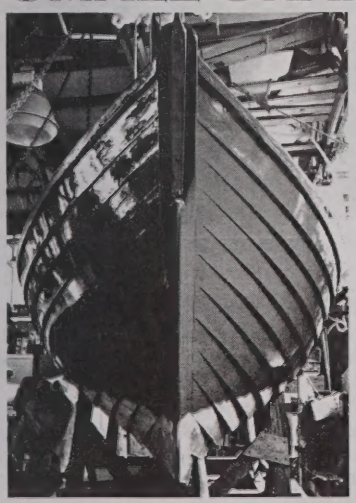

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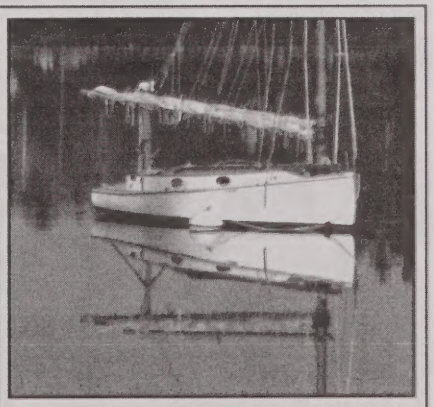

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Keels and Wheels
at the Buffalo Canoe Club

By Greg Grundtisch

This past summer the Buffalo Maritime Center missed its 2nd Annual Small Craft Festival (more on that later). As a result the Center accepted an invitation by the Buffalo Canoe Clubs to take part in their Keels and Wheels summer event, and a very enjoyable and fun event it was on August 18-19.

I did not take part in the Wheels part so I will only report on the Keels, although I viewed some really beautiful vintage and antique vehicles in stunning condition, about 25 in all.

The Maritime Center was graciously invited to take part in this multi-faceted event. The Canoe Club grounds on Point Abino Bay on Lake Erie's North Shore are absolutely beautiful. There is an expansive beach area, tennis courts, boat maintenance facility, long pier with docks and a boathouse.

The club has a fleet of Lightnings and other sailboats that the membership sail and race regularly. The Canoe Club is known not only locally, but nationally, for its excellent racing programs and has won many, many titles, as their trophy cabinet and walls proudly show.

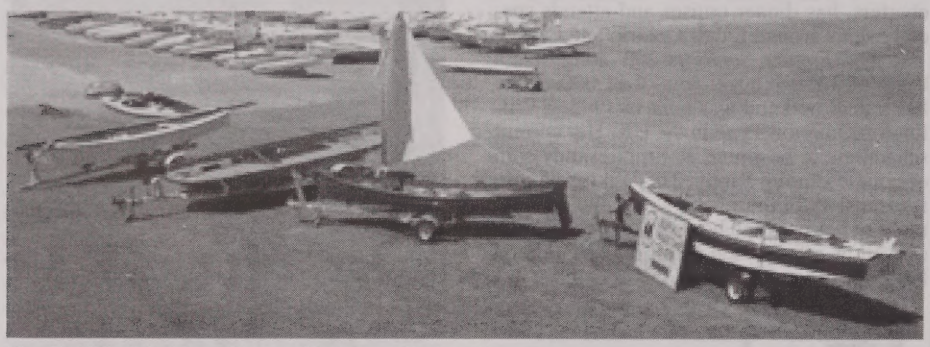
The leadership and volunteers of the BMC did a great job of organizing, shuttling and sailing boats to Point Albino and setting up and doing all the work required, providing a fun time for all in attendance. The Canoe Club did a fantastic job putting on this event that provided a BBQ lunch, dinner in their dining room overlooking the bay and a band that played period music from the '30s and '40s, and they organized several events for kids also.

The cardboard boat race was the highlight of the events and there was no shortage of participation and support. There was even a replica of the *Edmond Fitzgerald*, and ironically it turned over and began to go down shortly after the race began. Several boats turned to mush as the race went on and several survived to sail on for most of the afternoon.

The Buffalo Maritime Center made available a small fleet of row, paddle and sailboats for anyone who wanted to get on the water. The Center also offered boat rides on the *White Electra*, a launch type vessel that runs on battery power.

The flagship *Scajaquada* was also there and provided the opportunity to sail on a replica of an early Lake Erie fishing shallop used around the late 1800s to early 1900s. The sailing was great as the winds were blowing 15-20 knots and the day was warm and sunny.

The fun actually began with a crew that sailed the *Scajaquada* across the lake to the Canoe Club the day before and was escorted by the *White Electra*.



The Buffalo Maritime Center display on the beach.

White Electra giving boat rides.

Crowd gathers around the cardboard boat fleet on the beach. In background is the Canoe Club fleet of Lightnings.

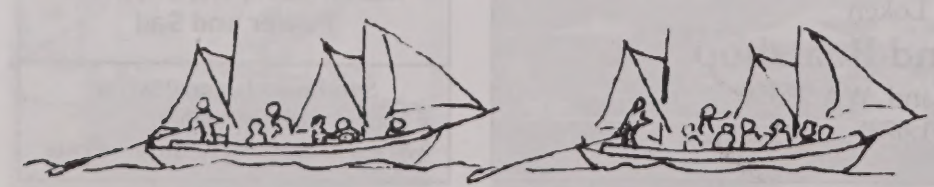
So why no 2nd Annual Great Lake Erie Small Craft Festival in Buffalo? Well, the Bayfront Maritime Center in Erie, Pennsylvania, wanted to have a festival also. They came to our director and asked for advice on organizing it, which took many hours of our director's time, talent and experience. They suggested we have a joint festival, with alternating festivals each year in the two cities, 90 miles apart on the lake.

A "Viking Ship" contender in the cardboard boat race is launched

When this year's publicity about the joint event came out we were not included. Inquiry into this revealed that they had decided to have their own festival and had not notified us about this.

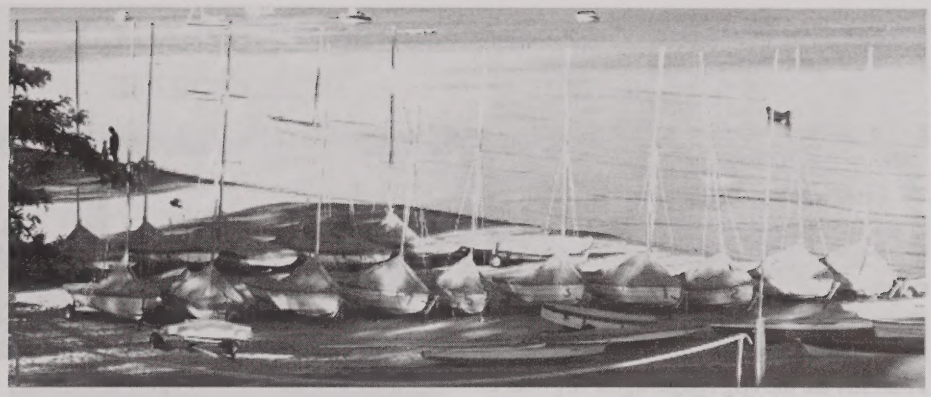
The Buffalo Maritime Center is endeavoring to rise above this sad circumstance, putting the TSCA and its reason for existence in the forefront.

Happy sails!



The Buffalo Canoe Club

By Greg Grundtisch



The Buffalo Canoe Club was founded in 1882 by a group of avid canoeists. Its beginnings were quite humble as their clubhouse was an old shack at the foot of Hamilton Ave at the edge of what is now the Black Rock Canal. This was a "men's club" at the time. They would gather together and paddle upriver and across the lake to the south shore of Lake Erie, at Pt Abino, Ontario, where they would set up camp on shore for the weekend. The idea was to spend the weekend outdoors fishing, swimming and likely a bit of partying, then pack it up and head back to Buffalo.

In 1891 they acquired a site that became the present location of the Buffalo Canoe Club on Point Abino Bay. In spite of, and because of, storms and fires, the club grew and expanded. In 1927 the Peace Bridge was built. It opened up easier access to the club. Before that one had to walk from a ferry at Fort Erie, Ontario, about eight miles, or later take the Crystal Beach boat, another ferry that stopped at the amusement park of the same name, reducing the walk to less than half the distance. With the bridge opening more women became interested in the Club, and it shortly became a family club.

Today it is a very modern Yacht Club with dock space, moorings and an impressive set of onsite amenities. Looking to find out more or become a member? Their website has plenty of information and pictures of what is on site and available.

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From left are the brig *Niagara*, the fire boat *Edward Cotter* and the schooner *Spirit of Buffalo.*

Navy Week in Buffalo

By Greg Grundtisch

Buffalo, New York, played host to Navy Week on September 12-17, the final stop of ships visiting some of the Great Lakes ports that were of historical significance in the War of 1812. It brought thousands of people to the Commercial Slip and Inner Harbor, the terminus of the Erie Canal. The intent was to commemorate that war, but also to describe naval and maritime history and its role, past and present. There were Canadian and American Navy and Coast Guard ships as well as the brig *Niagara*. Along with the ships were a Navy Seal simulator, skydivers, Navy Band, people in period costumes representing life in the area during that time, various demonstrations and presentations and a parade of boats.

The Buffalo Maritime Center was part of this parade which started on the Outer Harbor and paraded into the Inner Harbor, around the historic Fireboat *Edward Cotter* and in front of the ships. There were about 20 boats of all sizes and design, from glitzy glass speedboats and a huge cabin cruiser with flying bridge, to wooden and glass runabouts, an Alden sloop, an Irish yawl, a Mathews cruiser and three of the Maritime Centers boats, including a replica 1812 bateau.

The boats were saluted as they entered the harbor by the firing of a period cannon. It was amazingly loud and unexpected, and it scared the stuffing out of the boat paradersas well as those on shore. The second firing was just as unexpected and had a similar effect. The sound, as it echoed and bounced off the buildings, was remarkable. The parade's end was a little anti climatic as everyone just said there thank yous and goodbyes and dispersed around the harbor to their respective ports and docks, some off to the dinner provided for the participants.

The ships that participated were the *USS De Wert FFG 45*, the *USS Hurricane PC3*, the *USCGC Katmai Bay 101*, the *HMCS Ville De Quebec* and the flagship *Niagara* (brig). There were also many smaller Navy and Coast Guard boats and helicopters cruising in and around the harbor. Security was very high with no less than a half dozen different organizations beng represented on land, sea and air.

This was a big week for Buffalo, as it brought people from all around the region to see this event. It was also to showcase this historic part of the waterfront and provide public access to an area of the city that was not available for decades. Boats in Buffalo are good for the city, good for the people and lots of fun.

Happy sails!

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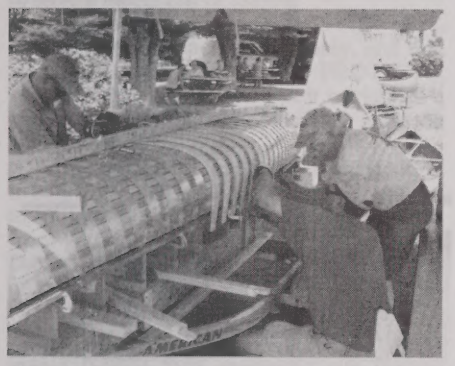
WCHA Norumbega at the Salem Maritime Festival

By Steve Lapey
Reprinted from the Norumbega Chapter WCHA Newsletter

Our Norumbega Chapter put on quite a show for the folks attending the Salem (Massachusetts) Maritime Festival in early August. I brought a building form for a 16' canoe with the ribs all cut to size and pre-sanded and other members brought all the tools and materials that we would need to rib up a new canoe. The form was all set up with the stems and inwales clamped in place, all we needed to do was bend the ribs over the form and nail them to the inwales. A lot of visitors showed interest in the building process and were impressed with how the final product will look.



John Fiske, Ed Moses and John Fitzgerald joining forces to bend and attach a rib. Norumbega canoes in the background were on display for the day. (Photo: Tom Bickford)

John Fitzgerald brought the steam box that was made by the late Lou Mutschler, along with a boiler made from a stainless steel milk can. With a propane fire under the milk can we had a good steaming system, there was no trouble maintaining 200° temperature in the steam box and, as a result the ribs bent easily and now, a couple of weeks later they are holding their desired shape. Ed Moses contributed his truck to transport a lot of the materials and tools that we would need for the day.

We were joined by other Norumbega members; Stuart Fall, John and Alex Fiske, Paul and Denny Kelly, Ted Harrigan, Lyle Lemon, Ed Moses and Mike Parr. Prospective member Tom Bickford came with Ted Harrigan and brought his camera, providing a couple of these photos.

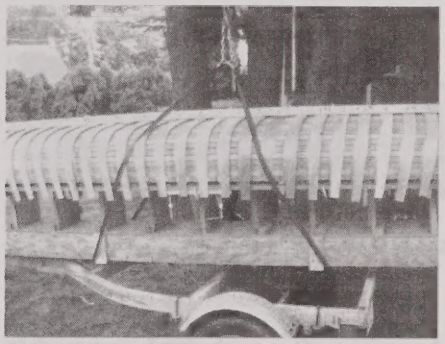
Almost done, Steve Lapey, Ed Moses and Paul Kelly waiting for the next batch of ribs to come out of the steam box. (Photo: Ted Harrigan)

Yes, we did snap one rib out of 35 in the bending process. The replacement rib was steamed and bent in the canoe shop to complete the job.

For background display for the project Bill Conrad brought a 1915 Old Town Charles River canoe, John Fitzgerald brought an 18' Old Town Guide with the sail rig and a 15' Chestnut Bob's Special and I brought the red Sweet Sixteen which was built on the same form that we were doing the ribbing on.

Canoes on display as the ribs are going on the canoe form. (Photo: Tom Bickford)

When the form returned home to my shop in Groveland, it took some rigging to lift it off the trailer frame onto its dolly wheels to be rolled into the shop for the project to continue.



The come-along and a big hemlock tree did the trick to lift the building form off the trailer. After the trailer was rolled away the form was lowered onto its dolly wheels for a short trip into my canoe shop. (Photo: Steve Lapey)

A big thank you goes out to everyone who came and helped with this project, answered questions and passed out WCHA literature to folks who showed an interest in joining the WCHA.

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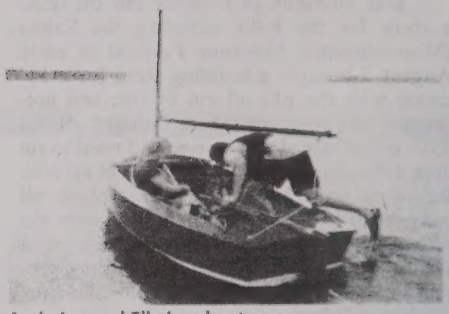
Oh What A Day

By Frank Stauss
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

On August 7 our chapter had its monthly meeting at Union Lake in Millville, NJ. It was truly a glorious afternoon and evening on the lake. Many arrived early to partake in the good wind and sunshine to sail and paddle their boats. The subject for the evening talk was "Monomy Surf Boats" presented by George Loos and Kevin Maloney. Not only did they talk about this type of boat they brought one along to show off!

Ron Gibbs sailing right along.


Andy Jen and Ella head out.

George and Kevin in Carl's Melonseed.

Ted Kilsdonk thinking where did I put the plans.

On the beach.

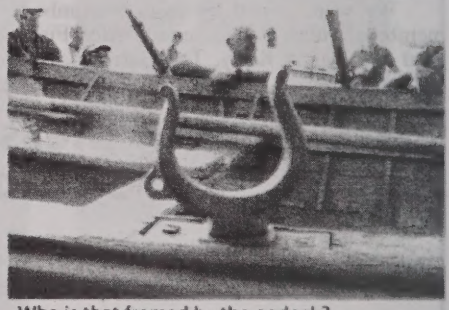
John Smith with a big smile.

As the sun sets.

Good crowd.

Tom Etherington saying hello.

Nice boat.


Who is that framed by the oarlock?

Carol Jones moving right along.

Ken Tweed moving right along.

What is that?

Catboat Racing

Labor Day Weekends on the Great South Bay

By John Orlando

Back in the early to late '70s we always had a good turnout of catboats for the Great South Bay (LI) Yacht Racing Association Labor Day races traditionally hosted by the Bellport Bay Yacht Club. The catboat group consisted of mainly Bellport Bay catboaters and a few devoted catboaters sailing up from the Sayville Yacht Club. The boats were largely Marshall 18s, Hereshoffs and a few 22' and over boats.

We had our own start, of course. Fun and laughs are not correctly defined in Webster's Dictionary. We Bellport catboaters certainly had our own definition, anything goes to have a barrel full of laughs.

We did not race by the USYRA rules, we had one rule and one rule only, and that was NO RULES AT ALL, NO PROTESTS, NO 360s, NO NOTHING and it worked. We had fun, the fun started immediately upon the arrival of the cats.

So sit back in your favorite chair, drink in hand, read this article and laugh and try not to spill your drink. These comical tales come from my fading memory of the many Labor Day comedy shows we had. The stories are not told in any order, just randomly.

I do not want to offend the serious catboat racers, all of the Bellport catboaters highly respect your principles and respect for the racing rules, but we just raced with a different outlook, WIN and have as much fun and laughs as we possibly can. Readers remember, this is a collection of hilarious events staged by a bunch of middle-aged immature adults.

Picture 10 or 12 cats sailing around, jockeying for position, we want to win the start, taking it real seriously (for a change) running the line, sailing back on forth to the line, getting our timing down pat, tacking, concentrating on the clock, listening for the gun signals, every boat is nearing the line, all the cats are mixing it up.

In the middle of this a Marshall 22 is being single-handed by its skipper, a well known flamboyant personality sitting at the helm, jockeying for position, just about two seconds before the gun fires for the start, the skipper jumps up and is stark naked and laughing up a storm. RESULT, every boat captain loses his concentration and the *Eel* slips by everyone and takes the start.

Everyone knows the old adage "payback is a #@*'." Just prior to the start of afternoon races someone went aboard the *Eel* and inconspicuously removed the steering wheel!!!

I have a longtime close and dear friend named Bob Lyons. Bob, for many years, has owned a magnificent 1939 40' Matthews sedan/cruiser named *Fireplace*. Bob meticulously and lovingly maintains the *Fireplace*. One Labor Day (most of the time patient and easygoing) wife Judy invited some friends to have lunch and cocktails aboard *Fireplace* to watch the races.

Bob anchored on the lee side of the starting line, a few points lower than the flag end of the line, out of the way of any boats positioning for the start. *Fireplace* has a large aft deck completely covered with a hard top with all open sides and stern, just a relaxing and comfortable layout.

Judy, the gracious host that she is, had a table set up with her guest lounging with cocktails in hand, enjoying the beautiful day, the cooling breeze, the colorful sight of the boats, table set with dishes, silverware, glassware, everything just perfect.

I hope everyone has a vivid picture, a beautiful classic boat, an elegantly set table, beautiful relaxed people, the cats sailing back and forth, jockeying for a perfect start.

Bob's close friend (this writer), sailing the *Erica Lee* (back then a Sanderling) on a port tack headed to pass *Fireplace*'s stern, getting closer and closer, just when *Erica Lee* was passing *Fireplace* astern I grab my water-filled pressurized fire extinguisher (we all remember them hanging on the walls at school) and I start firing away, drenching everyone, wiping the plates off the table.

Bob and his guest are hysterically laughing. Judy, on the other hand, if looks could kill I would have taken permanent residence about a mile up Bellport Lane at Woodland Cemetery. Well, after a few minutes Judy also started laughing.

For years all the boats had steady crews, usually the owners and close friends, year in and year out we were all steadfast teams. I always sailed with my cousin Donald, it became a Labor Day tradition. Sanderling owner Bill Husing always sailed with his friend Peter.

This particular Labor Day was intense racing, Saturday's races saw Bill's boat flying a colorful spinnaker. He certainly had a downwind advantage and won both races that afternoon. Remember the racing rules, no rules apply?

Sunday's race saw 12-15 knots of wind (no spinnaker today) we rounded the mark, heading downwind, Bill was in the lead with the *Erica Lee* gaining. Picture this, a nice sunny day, good breeze, paying attention to sail trim, enjoying a nice cold beer. You have to love it.

I looked forward towards Bill's boat, oh, my god, the bay is on fire! Eight old broken styrofoam coolers, stuffed with newspapers blazing with fire were heading my way. What was I to do? I had to steer clear, a couple of jibes I later cleared the minefield safely, lost time and position. Remember the rules applied here, no rules at all. Well, we all laughed like the devil. (Please note the yacht club chase boat retrieved all the litter on the bay.)

My memory recalls that on one Labor Day we in Bellport put on World War III. It seems to me great minds often think alike. The old crews were in their most devious of moods that day. Again a downwind run (downwind always brought the best of us to the surface), all of a sudden boats are firing roman candles and bottle rockets at each other, of course, with the wind and the not very powerful pyrotechnics to really reach one another.

It was safe but we really put on a show for the spectator fleet, we had fun and the post race camaraderie led to some serious beer drinking. The readers also have to remember we were all in our 30s and early 40s. We were the old guys to the young and aspiring youths of the sailing, those kids died laughing at our antics.

One last story was about my old friend Bob Lyons, I think it might been around 1985 or so. Bob just bought a brand spanking new ford LTD Crown Victoria. Ah, she was a beauty, had every option available.

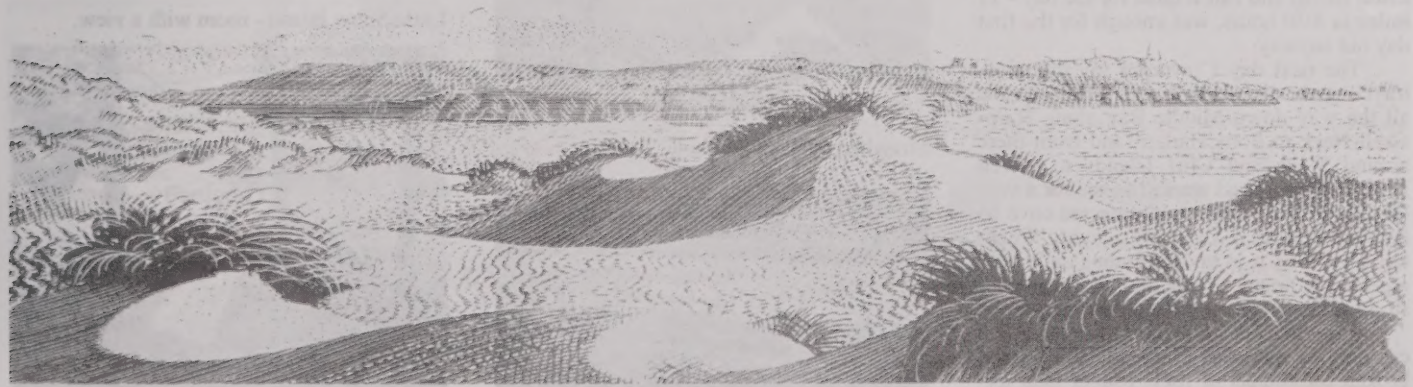
One afternoon I was in my office and Maureen called me. "John, did you lend the *Erica Lee* to someone or did you take it out of the water?" I rode down to the marina and the boat was not in her slip. I said, "No, please take a ride down to the marina again and call me from the pay booth" (no cell phones then).

Well, Maureen called, "the boat is gone!" Oh *&~%$, I don't have insurance on it. Wait a minute, I see it, it's anchored off Brookhaven (the next town toward the east). Through intensive investigation I learned the culprit was Bob Lyons.

I can't let this deed go unanswered! I placed an ad in *Long Island Newsday* selling Bob's car. I put a ridiculously low price, I added "divorce sale," call between 12am and 7am and put Bob's home number. Well, the calls started coming in. Judy was furious.

Bob was laughing so he began to tell the callers they had the wrong number and proceeded to give them my home telephone number in the middle of the night. Result, one really angry wife on my hands.

We all laugh about it now. I'm sure we all look back and say to ourselves, "did we really do all the insane antics? Yep, we did it." Sad that my writing this story has brought back memories of my sailing buddies who are no longer with us. I truly miss you guys.



Criss-Crossing Casco

By Reinhard Zollitsch
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I have done a lot of day tripping on Maine's Casco Bay and have traversed it several times (doing the entire Maine Island Trail from Portland to Machias), but I had never spent any extended time gunkholing on this large, deeply cleft, very glacial looking bay. Many long, thin peninsulas, island chains and strings of ledges extend far into the bay, like the fingers on two hands, all pointing to the southwest, the direction of travel of the last big ice shield.

Looking at my NOAA chart of Casco Bay and the MITA guide booklet (see appendix) for overnight possibilities, trip options for my solo canoe camping trip seemed endless. The Maine Island Trail Association, as many of you readers know, was established in 1987, as one of the very first water trails in the US. It is based in Portland, Maine and currently protects 191 islands and mainland sites along the Maine coast.

The traditional and most convenient starting point for an island trip, with boat ramp, parking facilities and drinking water, is without a doubt the Eastern Promenade in Portland, right off Interstate #295. So why not use it, I thought. From there I plotted a northeasterly course for the first day, along the western shore of the bay, past Cousins and Little John Islands, along the islands off Freeport and then deep into Merepoint Bay, to tiny Crow and Little Birch Islands. And since Crow is surrounded by extensive mudflats, as most of the northeastern tips of the big bay are, I chose Little Birch, where I found some deeper water at its easterly shore.

I'm off!

Strong wind warnings were issued for my first day on the water, May 12, 2012 (SW 20/30), but I did not think the wind would affect me so far up in the bay. But the last 3 miles from Bustins Island to my take-out were quite sporty, surfing my 17'2" Verlen Kruger covered sea canoe on large, breaking waves from behind. It was definitely time to land on the lee shore on some island (like Little Birch) and call it quits for the day - 17 miles in 4:30 hours, was enough for the first day out anyway.

The next day I reversed my direction, traveling mostly to the south. This took me all the way down Middle Bay along Harpswell Neck to Potts Harbor, and from there around Steve and Cliff Islands to Jewell Island, a place I had wanted to see for a very long time. The small, very protected cove on its northwest tip is a sailor's delight. "Cocktail Cove", as it is known among sailors, is a perfect little anchorage and an even better stop for lunch/supper or a raft-up party.

The shoreline, though, is very steep and can only be ascended in one place via a few broken off chunks of rock. Rather than trying to portage or drag my boat up there, I balanced it on a big protruding ledge, barely above the high tide line. The other option would be landing on the beach just north of the Punch Bowl, on the northeast tip of the island. But it had a long line of fierce-looking breaking ledges on the ocean side, and thus could be very intimidating in case the wind springs up again. Because of the southwest swells from yesterday, there also was no chance of landing on the rocky southern tip of the island. I did not even try.

Jewell Island Anchorage (2).

At almost high tide next morning, which happened to be my 73rd birthday, and with relatively little wind, I followed a course through a formidable rock garden (Broken Cove, West Brown Cow and the Mink Rocks) to Eagle Island, polar explorer Admiral Robert Peary's former summer residence. But since the museum would not open for another month, I just tapped land with my paddle and went on up Merriconeag and Harpswell Sounds to tiny Strawberry Island, a mile before the tall Mountain Road bridge. It is a veritable tidal mud hole with minimal camping possibilities so I had to carefully plan my arrival and departure times. I surely did not want to be held hostage here by the tide and the oozy mud flat surroundings for at least 6 hours, from one mid-tide to the next.

Admiral Peary's Eagle Island.

Strawberry Island mudhole.

It rained all night and was cold to boot so it felt good getting back in my canoe and riding the tail end of the incoming tide all the way up Ewin Narrows and Long Reach to Gurnet Strait, the tidal narrows separating rather large Sebascodegan Island from the mainland. I flushed under the low road bridge, feeling smug having figured out the tides perfectly.

My goal for the night was a MITA campsite on Long Island in the New Meadows River. On the way there I rounded 11 more islands, just for the fun of it, including Williams and Merritt, where I had camped on my first Maine Island Trail trip in 1995. Long Island was another minimal campsite: take-out/put-in over mud, rocks and seaweed, and a tiny, rough, woodsy tent site without a view - a no repeat, like all the sites I had chosen so far.

Woodsy stop on Long Island.

There was more rain that night and dense fog in the morning. I gave myself a one hour fog delay, but then pushed off anyway, since the tide was right. I decided to go gunkholing behind a string of skinny looking islands, because the New Meadows River, on the other side of those islands, was shrouded in thick fog. Cundys Harbor looked and smelled like a real Maine working lobster harbor, a bit on the messy, dirty side, I am afraid.

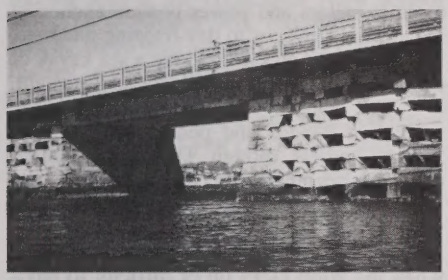
At one point of my trip planning I had wanted to paddle all the way to Cape Small Harbor, or better to Hermit Island and The Branch, where Hodding Carter had a replica of a Viking boat built. In 2001, *Snorri,* as she was called, named after the first Viking child born on Newfoundland, sailed from Greenland to L'Anse Aux Meadows at the northern tip of Newfoundland, where I saw her in 2008 (see my trip report "Up the Western Shore of Newfoundland" on my website).

But I prudently held on to the Sebascodegan Island shore, paddled around East and West Cundy Point in truly thick fog, and then all the way up into Quahog Bay, to the tiny island of Little Snow, a delightful MITA overnight spot: easy in and out, level boat storage above the high water mark, and best of all, a level, shaded tent site with a great view down the bay.

Little Snow Island - room with a view.

The most interesting thing about Quahog Bay was, that it was filled with jellyfish, the glassy, slightly bluish type. So this here, I thought to myself, was a true "L'Anse Aux Meadows", "Bay of Jellyfish": "meadows" being an English corruption of the French word "meduse", jellyfish, which even many people from that little northernmost town in Newfoundland don't know. I could not avoid poking, prodding and shoveling them with my paddle on the way up to Little Snow Island they were so thick in the water.

Eventually the fog burned off and even the sun came out briefly. But at night I enjoyed a significant thunderstorm with spectacular lightning, but also lots of rain. The new morning, though, welcomed me with my first sunrise of this trip. The sky was clear, but the wind was building to 20+ knots from the north, slowly turning to the northwest and west eventually, my NOAA weather report predicted. I did not worry too much, though, as long as I had those whispy, long peninsulas shielding me on my northwest side.



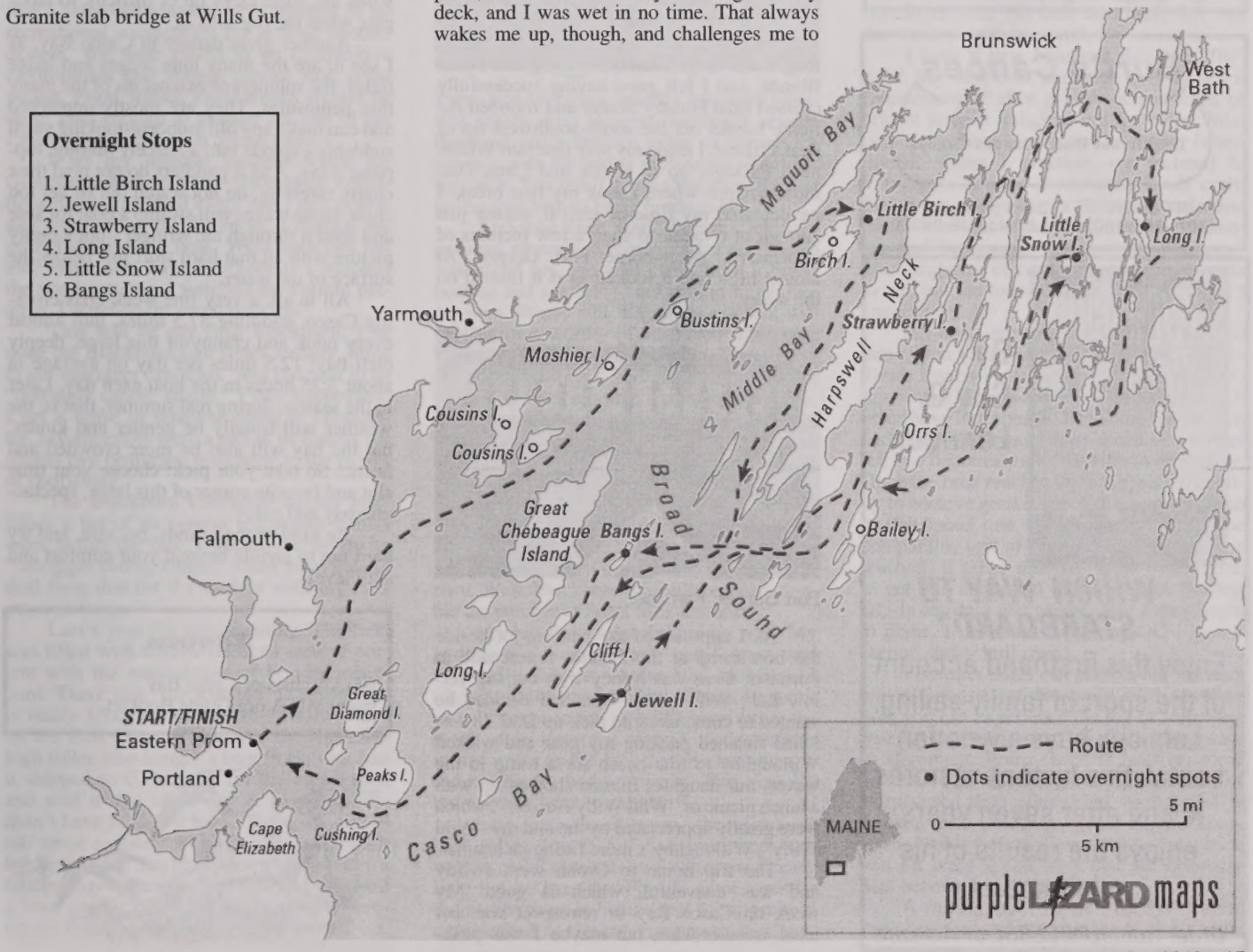
Granite slab bridge at Wills Gut.

As I expected, the stretch from Gun Point to the granite-slab bridge at Wills Gut turned into my first test. At the bridge, tide and wind were both pressing so hard against me, that I barely made it through the narrow span, even after shifting into sprint mode. On Harpswell Sound the north wind had a very long fetch and had whipped up big, rolling, breaking waves. It was also running against the incoming tide. The water looked black, topped with long, white wave crests with squiggly, foamy streamers attached. It was a real challenge negotiating the breaking crests and deep troughs on my beam course across the Sound to South Harpswell.

At Potts Point my course changed, and I was paddling almost directly into the wind, sneaking up on tiny Thrumcap Island, and from there across to Horse Island and yet another Little Birch Island. In the lee of those islands I had a chance to regain my strength while watching large flocks of male Eider ducks in their striking black and white plumage. I figured the brown females were tending their nests on shore, while "the boys" were having a male bonding party, or whatever male Eiders do off duty.

The next leg, I knew, was to be my hardest segment for today: crossing Broad Sound from Little Birch Island to Bangs Island. My course was straight to the west, with the wind coming from the northwest now, while the incoming tide was running straight against it - not a very encouraging, comforting or enticing picture. As I stuck my bow out around the point, waves were instantly breaking onto my deck, and I was wet in no time. That always wakes me up, though, and challenges me to dance the waves better, so they won't slam me in the chest. 1.6 miles in those conditions can be a very long stretch, but Bangs Island did get closer eventually. I then decided that it would be very difficult to take out at the MITA campsite at the northern tip, in the surf, on a hard, rocky shore. So I swung around to the lee of the island, to a crescent beach at mid-point.

Seawall camp on Bangs Island.



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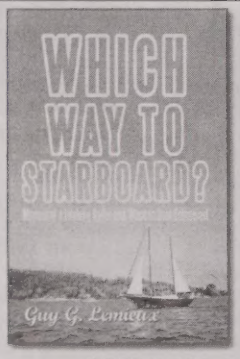


By
Guy G.
Lemieux

WHICH WAY TO STARBOARD?

Enjoy this firsthand account of the sport of family sailing. Lemieux buys a wooden boat with a history, restores it, and after seven years, enjoys the results of his labours.

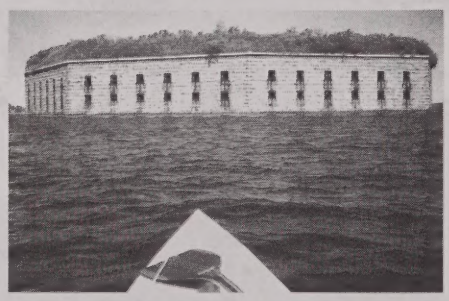
Order from IUNIVERSE or Amazon

Landing was easy, the seawall was level enough for my tent, and I had a great sunny afternoon drying my clothes, reading, writing and, enjoying my coffee and later cocoa, but most of all the spectacular view out to sea, where I had just come from. A great reward for a challenging day of hard paddling. The wind finally abated, but the surf continued to pound the outer ledges all night, making it sound as if a distant train was approaching - great music to fall asleep by, after I had carefully checked that my tent was OK and my boat was properly secured.

Tomorrow morning was going to be a piece of cake, I thought to myself as I dozed off: only 10 miles back to the Eastern Promenade in Portland for an 11:00 a.m. pick-up. To make the last day of my trip a bit more interesting, so it would not turn into a total let-down, I plotted my course down Luckse Sound, on the open ocean side, along the southeast shores of Sand, Hope, Long, Vail Islands and even around big Peaks Island.

Hope Island stood out as being more groomed than the rest of the Maine islands I had seen. There was an old homestead with a huge barn, but also a brand new humungous vacation complex (or estate?) at the southern tip of the island, surrounded by park-like mowed lawns, newly planted flower beds, shrubs and even alien/out-of-place looking trees, all perfectly landscaped with pagodas, benches and the like. In stark contrast, on the northeast end of the island I found an eagle's nest with an eagle sitting proud and erect beside it, staring out to sea, wondering what had become of his island.

Surf was still breaking on the many ledges and ledge islands off Long and Peaks Islands, and I felt good having successfully crossed tidal Hussey Sound and rounded the fierce breaks off the south-southwest tip of Peaks Island. I made my way fine into Whitehead Passage, up to House and Little Diamond Islands where I took my first break. I recalculated my time of arrival, taking just enough of a break to snap a few pictures of impressive, water-borne Fort Gorges. At almost high tide it looked as if it floated on the water.



Fort Gorges, Portland.

As I approached the parking lot beside the boat ramp at the Eastern Promenade in Portland, there was Nancy with our big yellow Lab, Willoughby, who had decided he wanted to come along to pick up Dad. Just as I had finished packing my gear and walked Willoughby to tthe beach for a romp in the waves, our daughter Brenda showed up with a lunch picnic of "Wild Willy Burgers", which were greatly appreciated by me and my "Wild Willy", Willoughby's more fitting nickname.

The trip home to Orono went swiftly and was unevenful, which is good. My week on Casco Bay in retrospect was not ideal weather-wise, but maybe I was pushing the season a bit getting out on the ocean in mid-May. My overnight stops were marginal, definitely less inviting and accommodating than those on Muscongus Bay, for instance. The only overnight repeats for me would be Little Snow Island in Quahog Bay and Bangs Island. Jewell Island would appeal more to sailors and power boaters anchoring in Cocktail Cove, or to day-tripping paddlers. It is simply too awkward to lug a sea kayak or canoe up the steep cliffs solo, for an overnight.

"Wild Willy Burgers - my kind o'food!"

The courses one can lay through the myriad of islands and peninsulas in Casco Bay are endless, though. There are sheltered coves for beginners and challenging outposts for expert boaters. Casco Bay has it all, and yet it is still part of the Atlantic Ocean; it is always cold and can get rough in no time when the wind kicks up or difficult to navigate when the fog rolls in.

Another great danger in Casco Bay, as I see it, are the many long ledges and ledge fields, the submerged extensions of the many thin peninsulas. They are mostly unmarked and can make any old innocent-looking swell suddenly explode into a fiercely hissing, toppling wave. And if paddlers do not read their charts carefully, do not watch out or get too close, those waves will swamp a boat for sure and send it through the wringer - not a pretty picture with all that hard stuff just below the surface of the water.

All in all, a very fine week criss-crossing Casco, paddling 87.5 miles, into almost every nook and cranny of this large, deeply cleft bay; 12.5 miles per day on average in about 3:35 hours in the boat each day. Later in the season, during real summer, that is, the weather will usually be gentler and kinder, but the bay will also be more crowded and hectic. So take your pick: choose your time slot and favorite corner of this large, spectacular bay and enjoy.

Be kind to the islands, be, safe, and try hard not to paddle beyond your comfort and skill level.

References

NOAA chart of Casco Bay
www.MITA.org Guide Booklet

Swedish Steam and Braided Whipcord

Epic Competition on Cape Ann

By Roger Crossland

I keep a calendar of summer outrigger canoe races. I can't have races sneaking up on me. This year the much vaunted Philadelphia race was cancelled and I suddenly found I had eight weeks to train for the Blackburn Challenge. The Blackburn doesn't sneak up on you. It is the longest toughest open water race on the East Coast. The Blackburn comes at you frontally, with numerous warnings, whistle blowings, flashing lights and chews you up like a tug pushing a coal barge that you can't evade.

The Hooked Line

The Blackburn is a 21-mile race around diamond-shaped Cape Ann, Massachusetts, which starts and finishes in Gloucester. All human powered boats are welcome. This is a muscle power or "Swedish Steam" race. In the 19th century a large part of the seafaring population came from northern Europe. Swedish steam (muscle power) came cheap and the term became part of Yankee vocabulary. At each Blackburn Challenge, the race staging area at the Gloucester High School looks as if Noah's Ark has just capsized and its cargo had washed up on Cape Ann. Instead of two of everything, however, there are a dozen or more of everything.

There is a quotation with currency among boxers, "If you can't get in shape for a bout in six weeks, you can't get in shape for anything." Well, most boxers are at their prime in their early 30s so perhaps they can be ignored. I'm an American baby boomer about twice that, we baby boomers constitute a disproportionately large number of all recreational competition for at least another decade. We were raised in an competitive environment and simply cannot stop competing. Eight weeks, eight weeks should be more than enough to prepare for one of the East's premier Swedish Steam races.

I set my internet weather watch for Gloucester and watched Gloucester conditions daily. I paddled every other day gradually lengthening the distances. I studied my gear. I studied my boat. What item can fail me? What item have I forgotten? I watched the wind patterns. I watched the current patterns. I watched the swell patterns.

This will be my fifth Blackburn. I've done the Blackburn four times already, three in an "outrigger canoe six" and last year in an "outrigger canoe, single." I like Gloucester. I get a sense of renewal going to Gloucester. My ancestors were a part in its history for almost two centuries, testimony to the power of codfishing..

The Blackburn Challenge openly publishes a list of its current registrants until a week before the race. I studied the list under "outrigger canoe, single." I can learn a good deal from that list if I study it until my eyes cease to focus.

Last's year list was daunting. The field was filled with hollow-cheeked men of portent with the musculature of braided whipcord. There was "the Russian" (I suspect he is really Ukrainian) who rarely lost a race on the East Coast. There was the Hawaiian high roller who bought a boat in Hawaii, had it shipped to Gloucester for the race, raced and sold it that same day at auction so he didn't have to ship it back. There was the 8' tall naval architect with his own boat building business in San Francisco who had been a first rate crew oarsman and now had designed a lime green "outrigger canoe, single" prototype that he planned to put on the market. There was Floridian, whom I imagined wrestled gators, who slogged northward several thousand miles through miles of swamp for the race with the added motivation of selling his catch. You don't travel a distance like that unless you plan to bring home gold.

And then there was "Ragnar," my own personal nemesis. Ragnar (not his real name) was about my age who came from a broad boating and seafaring background much like my own. Worse still, Ragnar is a writer, still another trait worthy of suspicion. Last year I kept a special eye on Ragnar. I've always felt in competition it was important to keep it human, and that required a personal yardstick.

I did the 41-mile Molokai to Oahu Race with a nine-man outrigger team. About 115 boats entered the Molokai that year. Trying to take in 115 teams is too much to process. We focused on beating the Vladivostok Tigers alone and we did. Psychologically it would have been too hard to beat all 115 other teams. Instead we focused on one team, one worthy rival. Well, Blackburn typically registers double the number of boats Molokai does.

My last Blackburn did not go well. My hydration system shifted, came apart and eventually fell out of the boat at Mile 13 (though it did stay attached to me). I experienced cramps in my hips that were either the result of an improper mixing of electrolytes in my water or the fact that the boat simply did not fit my body properly. This year I'd know better what to expect.

Last year the Russian, the Hawaiian high roller, the 8' tall San Francisco boat builder and Ragnar crossed under the Greasy Pole before me. The Florida gator wrestler didn't. He came in behind me. I suspect he'd experienced a similar equipment malfunction. This year I designed a different hydration mounting system and bought a new boat.

The design gods in Waikiki who produce the "outrigger canoe, single," or OC-1, focus on speed. They make no concessions to practicality. It is sleek, carbon fiber and light. Few OC-1s provide stowage compartments, cleats or deck mounting for hydration, lifejackets, compasses or GPS. Hawaiians scoff at lifejackets. What? Can't you swim? If the competition gods had intended you to have these things in addition to a paddle, they would have... Most Hawaiians swim as easily as they walk and view the sea as a gentle friend.

The rule gods in Gloucester require one to have a lifejacket and a GPS or compass. Hawaiian races are either shorter than the Blackburn or they are supported by escort boats so if you run out of water, someone will toss you a hydration bladder. Fog is not common in Hawaii. In my first Blackburn the Coast Guard turned the race back at the Annisquam Harbor Light. My second Blackburn we had 150' visibility for the first ten miles.

In any event, this year I am better prepared. I constructed a bomb proof hydration mounting system that could carry two litres of water. It was a work of art and I would be happy to send drawings and photos to readers who send a self-addressed envelope. I would varnish my hydration mounting system and may turn it into a coffee table if my wife would let me. It is a work of art composed of ample applications of velcro, polyethelene macramé cord, rubber washers, bungee line, rubber washers, clear $^{3}/_{8}$" vinyl tubing and contact cement. No duct tape here, this was the work of a professional.

I have a new boat and this one "fits" right. My new boat is orange so I named it *Grandmarnier* after a high octane form of orange juice. I value its orange color. Idle-rich powerboat operators in Long Island Sound, where I practice, are inclined to investigate strange asymmetric small craft. The color orange keeps them at a safe distance. It seems official, almost governmental, and broadcasts the message "danger." The danger is, of course, that of powerboats to me, not me to powerboats, but they don't know that.

All boats are trade-offs. If you get one thing, you sacrifice something else. OC-1s divide into two categories, flatwater and surfing boats. *Grandmarnier* is a surfing boat. All boats have hull speeds. Each boat has its own particular hull speed. Hull speed is a sort of red line demarcation of maximum efficiency. Once the boat reaches its hull speed, its ability to achieve greater speed diminishes. Up to its hull speed, one unit of exertion gets it one comparable unit of speed. After hull speed is reached, it takes multiple units of exertion to get one additional unit of speed. Surfing OC-1s can defy that general rule if they begin to plane. In essence, a planing OC-1 gets a second, faster hull speed.

Flatwater boats can plane a bit, but they are designed to surf wholesale. With a surfing boat you can experience the joy of achieving Star Trek's "warp speed" if all the planets are in alignment. Warp speed is relative, some boatmen can achieve greater gradiations of warp speed than others, but warp speed is preferable to plodding speed. As we know from science fiction shows and movies, once you hit warp speed stars that are normally dots become long straight white lines.

A surfing OC-1 doesn't need 6' waves, just a tailwind and waves in the 6" to 1' range.

The trouble is the prevailing winds on Cape Ann are squarely westerly and nowhere does the Blackburn Challenge course run squarely west to east.

Watching the daily weather reports I noticed that from time to time (occasionally) the Cape Ann winds came out of the northwest or out of the southwest. A northwest wind would give my boat an distinct advantage. A southwest wind on the other hand would be an impediment to all boats in the last half of the race.

I have mentioned Ragnar. Ragnar is my nemesis. Last year he challenged me at the start, he held with me to the Annisquam Harbor Lighthouse and then fell away. He picked me up again at Halibut Point (the quarter mark) and passed me. After the halfway mark, Straitsmouth, he'd swerved closer to shore and I'd thought I'd passed him on this shorter, straighter course but no, he finished two ahead of me. Ragnar paddles a sinister black flatwater boat. I have concluded on the basis of this observation alone that his boat is as black and sinister as his heart. On that basis, I resolved to beat that boat at the Blackburn. Mind you, I think his heart is black and sinister, but we've never actually exchanged so much as a greeting. It is enough that he finished two ahead of me last year.

Casting the Line

Race day. The race starts just beyond the railroad bridge on the Annisquam River. The groups go out by racing class after racing class at five minute intervals. Attendance is taken for each class, the boats are lined up abreast and then an official with stopwatch in hand gives the starting command. Three OC-1s take a very early lead. I swear the Russian leaves the line with a puff of smoke. Immediately I find myself hemmed in between an OC-1 from Montreal beautifully painted like a coral snake and Ragnar's black flatwater OC-1. I sprint with my best strokes, shaft vertical, keeping the draw portion of my stroke as straight possible and I start moving ahead of both boats. My GPS tells me I'm moving well. The Annisquam River winds toward Ipswich Bay like a mountain switchback. By the Annisquam Harbor Lighthouse I can't see a single OC-1 ahead of me or to my sides. Philosophically, I never ever look back.

We start passing the centipede-like oar-driven gigs and slow and lonely stand-up paddleboards. It is a high rocky coast. The next significant landmark is Halibut Point, halfway to the halfway mark.

The Chart

Blackburn racers received a shirt this year with a chart on its back. The chart provides editorial remarks. "Folly Cove" rates the parenthetical notation "Coincidence?" Personally I would have footnoted, "Abandon all hope, ye who pass Folly Cove." The chart on the shirt further labels the most northerly jetty as "Halibut Point of No Return." Since it is only the quarter way mark as a "point of no return" it overstates its significance. What it really signifies is that you can return to the starting line claiming equipment failure and you can be believed, possibly. Surely no one would be overcome by the pain and discomfort so early in the game. No, any excuse would be accepted as valid if you turn temptingly back that soon.

By Halibut Point still no OC-1 has overtaken me. I'm still fourth for OC-1s. I do find myself overtaken by a swarm of surfskis. They are a faster class and started after the OC-1s. They are the largest single class in the race and very organized. I know many of the leaders from my old kayaking days.

Rounding Andrews Point, I feel a breeze on my back. The wind is behind me from the northwest. It was the one favorable natural condition I'd hoped for, a downwind run to Straitsmouth. Cowabunga! Totally, totally wicked!

It is time to let *Grandmarnier*, my surfing OC-1, show her stuff. It is just a breath of wind and the waves are more confused than sequential, but my GPS is telling me we're surfing delightfully above my first hull speed. And I can feel it. I steer straight toward the Thacher Island Twin Lighthouses. Whee-ha!

At Straitsmouth, the halfway mark, I call out my boat number, "Ninety-five." I don't hear any numbers in the OC-1 sequence called out anywhere near me and I gain confidence from that. There are no OC-1s nearby.

Up until now the current and wind have been light almost to the point of negligibility. Now that I've turned the corner westward, I will be fighting the wind and current directly and the indirect effect of the swells coming from my left. My pontoon or "ama" is on my left. Any time my ama is above me I'm uncomfortable. If the ama goes too high I'll capsize or "huli."

Once past Loblolly Cove I must make a decision, I can start hugging the coast line, "scalloping," or I can shoot straight across Long Beach and Good Harbor Beach. It is a trade-off. Scalloping adds mileage but it protects me from adverse wind and current. When I steered outrigger canoe sixes, I always steered straight across. Outrigger sixes are faster than OC-1s and, adding in the weight of the paddlers, they displace half of a ton. *Grandmarnier*, on the other hand, weighs 24lbs. I'm feeling giddily confident and see other small boats taking the straight line course. I don't see any small boats scalloping, but small boats clinging to the coast are hard to see, especially black sinister ones.

When I've passed Milk Island and am even with Good Harbor the forces of nature decide to unleash themselves on the giddily confident. The winds pick up significantly to 10-15kts, gusting to 20kts, and I feel their full wrath on my gritting teeth. The chop builds and I find myself crawling down to Gloucester. My hydration system is holding up, adequately and flowing freely. *Grandmarnier* has sprouted no leaks, her rudder cables are working fine and no seaweed is trailing from my rudder. Nonetheless I am crawling westward down the coast at barely half my best rate. From here on it is like paddling through molasses.

Blackburn generally releases the slowest racing class first and the fastest class last. The last started boats are OC-6s. These fastest boats are now beginning to pass by. Several call out to me as they pass. I know paddlers on each of the lead three OC-6s. I have been with them at Blackburn in the past.

I see, and then pass, the Eastern Point Light. Still this is not surfing to Straitsmouth. It is torture. At last I see the tip of East Eastern Point. All that remains is for me to hug the Dog Bar, a long substantial breakwater, and the climactic fight into Gloucester Harbor.

Landing the Catch

The widely spread boats all start funneling together around the end of the breakwater and a couple of hundred yards ahead of me I see two outrigger canoes and they aren't the three leaders. Two ahead of me is a black sinister flatwater outrigger… Ragnar. Behind him is some young whippersnapper in a trucker's hat. I kick in to overtake them, trying to keep directly behind them to give them the least warning… but I've got nothing. Four miles of molasses, current and strong winds has taken their toll. Where did they come from?

The run to the finish in Gloucester harbor is the worst mile of the race. It has the highest waves, the most confused chop, cooling wind and you must endure the sizeable wake of powerboaters who regard small boats with disdain. I never enjoy it, but it is the time to wring out the last bit of energy to cross under the Greasy Pole.

To the left is Dolliver Neck. I am descended from the Dollivers. For two centuries my family's destiny, like that of Howard Blackburn, was controlled by the codfish industries of Gloucester Massachusetts, and Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. My great (many greats) grandmother Ann Higganson Dolliver married a Gloucester Dolliver, The marriage to wastrel "Captain" William Dolliver was an unhappy one ending in his abandoning her and their four children. It is said the stress made her unstable. Eventually she was tried for witchcraft in Salem, which lies not far to the south, during the famed trials. She raised the novel argument of witchcraft in self defense, and she was acquitted.

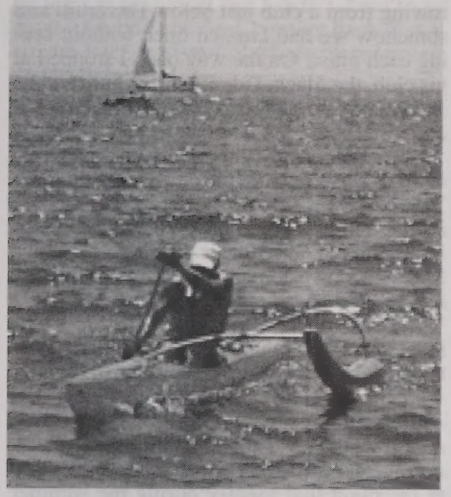
Behind me I can hear girlish giggling. Now what? It is my club's women's team coming up behind me in an OC-6. They've had a rough transit, too, but call out encouragement. That encouragement is appreciated.

And there it is, the Greasy Pole and two large inflatable buoys. "Ninety-five," I call out for a second time. It is done. Sixth, not fourth. The Florida gator wrestler comes in far behind me. I'm going to have to reassess his motivation. Ragnar has beaten me… by two again.

It is not going to happen next year. I'm going to channel my great grandmother. I can be sinister, too. Two centuries of codfishery

leave a mark. I know the potion. Brew up a codfish stew, a touch of molasses and a jigger of Grandmarnier, add a length of whipcord, heat with a plume of Swedish Steam and stir at warp speed.

Next year in Gloucester…



(Roger Lee Crossland has been navigating quaint small craft by means of Swedish Steam for decades. He is a former men's racing steersman for New York Outrigger, a retired naval officer with 35 years service, active and reserve, who holds a 100gwt merchant marine captain's license with auxiliary sail and towing endorsements. He is a practicing trial attorney in Connecticut.)

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Our New England Shoreline
and the Ice Age

By Nick Fast

About 20,000 years ago the earth was in the final stage, and coldest part, of the most recent glacial period. With huge amounts of water locked up in snow and ice on the northern and southern continents, to about 45 degrees latitude, sea level was a few hundred feet below what we are accustomed to today. For example, what offshore fishermen refer to as the Hudson Canyon was carved out of dry land by the river greatly enhanced by glacial melt. The walls are now in water that is about 350' deep either side.

A glacier moves large amounts of solid materials with it as it slides slowly along, moved by gravity and by the continuing accumulation of ice behind it at higher elevation. Some of that material is pushed in front as it advances, and some is carried in the ice blanket itself and dumped when the ice melts. The next to last glacier in New England is the one that advanced the farthest south. Its final one or two hundred miles of advance scraped land not before reached, and so it moved a high proportion of soil to rock.

Today we see its terminal moraine remains as the south shore of Long Island, Montauk Point, Block Island, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. It also dumped numerous smaller deposits such as Robins Island, Shelter Island, Gardner's Island and many rock piles and shoals in Nantucket Sound. Remember, sea level was way down, so these were hills from which you probably couldn't even see the ocean.

This glacier stopped and melted away during a warmer period of 1,000 years or so. Then the last glacier formed over New England and started its journey south. This one found less soil over the rocky land, and so collected a higher ratio of rocks than the preceding one.

It did not advance as far, however, being caught by the beginning of our current warm period that started about 12,000 years ago. It left us with the north shore of Long Island, Orient Point, Plum Island, Fisher's Island, the Rhode Island shore to Point Judith, the Elizabeth Islands and Cape Cod.

What is now Long Island Sound was just a depression when this last glacier receded, miles from the ocean and high above it, as were all the other sounds further east. As our current warm period settled in, all the world's glaciers receded, the ocean rose and Long Island Sound filled with the runoff of the many rivers which still empty into it.

It broke through the earthen dams at its east and west ends, leaving us Hell Gate, The Race and Watch Hill Passage. Ever sit becalmed in The Race, or fishing in it, and contemplate the amount of water pouring through? Take the length of Long Island Sound, multiply it by its average width and then by its average rise and fall of tide.

Some of this tidal exchange goes through Hell Gate and some through at Watch Hill, but the vast majority takes The Race. It comes to about a cubic mile of water on each tide. Maybe that doesn't seem like much since The Race is about three miles wide and pretty deep, but then look up and picture a mile. Now that's a lot of water!

The shoreline Down East is not as easy to read. Fingers of land and water do line up N/S, indicating that they were cut by south moving glaciers, but there is little sign offshore of terminal moraine material. That would indicate glacial activity much earlier than 20,000 years ago, probably a whole series of events, leaving much more time for distribution of dumped material by wave action as ocean levels rose and fell with receding and advancing glacial periods.

I haven't been on top of Cadillac Mountain, so I have no firsthand information about presence or absence of glacial scratch marks there. Perhaps another reader can fill us in. My guess is that its elevation is too much for glaciers to have run over it, but a big one could have.

The Ice Age is not over. It started about three million years ago and has seen many interglacial warm periods along the way. For the last million years about 90% of the time has been glacial and 10% warm, with the warm periods lasting from 10,000 to 15,000 years. Our current warm period is now about 12,000 years old. Sort of makes you wonder what's next.

In the meantime, we have many scientists loudly proclaiming global warming caused by mankind burning fossil fuels. Some are predicting enough warming to cause the Greenland and Antarctic ice caps to recede to an extent that would raise sea level a foot or more by the year 2100. Shucks, I've watched it rise half a foot and I'm only 81. One foot in 100 years is not even enough to avoid maintenance dredging in our boat slips, maybe enough to make you want to jack up the pier deck next time you replace its pilings.

In 100 more years we will have burned up most of earth's fossil fuel anyway, then it won't matter anymore. Besides, the large amount of fresh water runoff from melting more of the Greenland ice cap is likely to reduce flow in the Gulf Stream to the point where Europe will receive enough winter snow that it will have major snow cover through summer. Snow reflects much of the sun's energy away.

The resulting cold weather would spread around the world at that latitude causing the buildup of new glaciation and here comes the return of the Ice Age. No, that's not why I moved to Hilton Head Island. I slipped on our icy driveway in Groton, Connecticut, and said, "Enough." Well, that's not exactly what I said, but you get the drift.

Rowing on the Merrimack River

and Some Observations From its Bank Part 2

By Peter Jepson

Day Four

When I had been at the ramp in Haverhill the first time, I had asked somebody working on his motorboat how much delay there was between high tide at the mouth of the river and high tide in Haverhill. He replied, "An hour and three-quarters," which sounded right. He lost credibility a bit when he went on to explain, "So if high tide at Plum Island is at 1pm, high tide here will be at 2:15," but I wasn't looking for precision better than half an hour anyway.

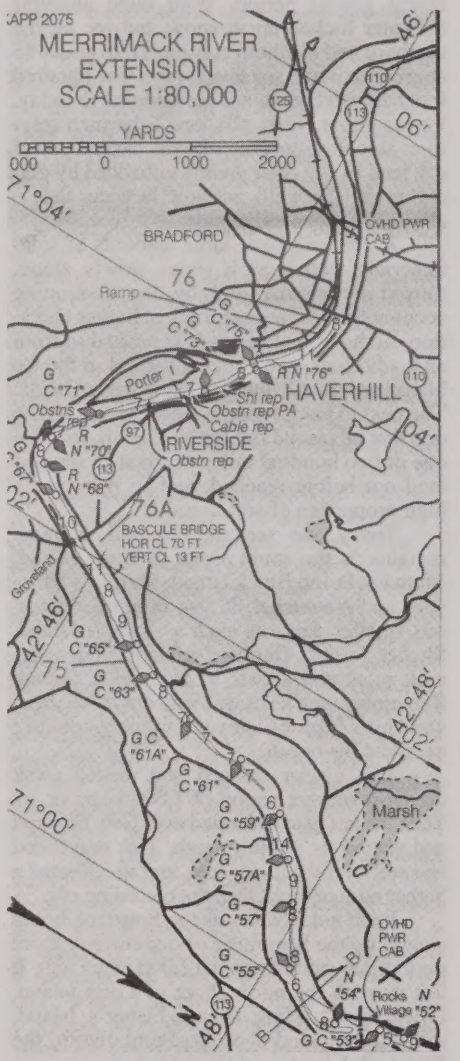
So it was another pleasant early fall morning, there was no wind, it was the time of low tide at the mouth of the river, and the flow in the river at the ramp looked perfectly manageable. So I set off from the Haverhill town ramp (which is, in this case, where the map shows it to be) downstream in the middle of the river and enjoyed the calm and the quiet as my GPS showed 12-13 km/hr.

The current, then, was about 4. If my speed had been much higher I would have started to worry that getting back would be too much like hard work, but I knew the current would slack, if not turn, because of the tide, and I expected that near the bank the current would be slower. I believe the GPS when it tells me how fast it's going. I don't know why, though, because it doesn't quite know where it is.

The GPS thinks I'm on the bank.

I passed under the Groveland bridge, where the barges which are being used in the building of a new bridge had caused such rapids a couple of weeks before, without any trouble at all, and soon after that I saw a moored boat which appeared to have reverted to its original form. When I got down to my turning point above Rocks Village, the flag that had been out straight last time I was there was hardly stirring at all, the day was so calm.

The Groveland bridge.



Moored boat, reverted to original form.

Shortly after starting back upstream, I was surprised to see another oarsman, rowing in the same direction on the other side of the river. I rowed over and the conversation started by both of us asking, "Where did you spring from?" George Medelinskas was rowing from a club just below Haverhill and somehow we had crossed once without seeing each other. On the way back I stopped at his club, the Slack-Tide Rowing Club, and he showed me around. It is just a storage bay in a marina where members keep their boats.

Actually, and rather oddly, there are two clubs in adjacent bays, the other being the Ebb-Tide Rowing Club. So I got to know George a little bit and he said he would be interested in joining me, at least for the stretches above Methuen. I welcomed the idea of company and we exchanged phone numbers.

Back at the Haverhill ramp the water level was higher than when I had started but the current was still flowing downstream. So with the river flow as it was that day, 350 cubic metres per second at Lowell, the tide did affect the level at Haverhill, but there was no reversal of flow. I was told by somebody at the ramp that usually during the summer the river does flow upstream for a while, each tide. Total that day, 20km.

Later I found that the USGS measures the water level at Haverhill, though not the flow. You can see that when there is little fresh water flow the tidal rise and fall is nearly 2 metres, but when the flow is as high as it was after Irene, it's not much more than half a metre.

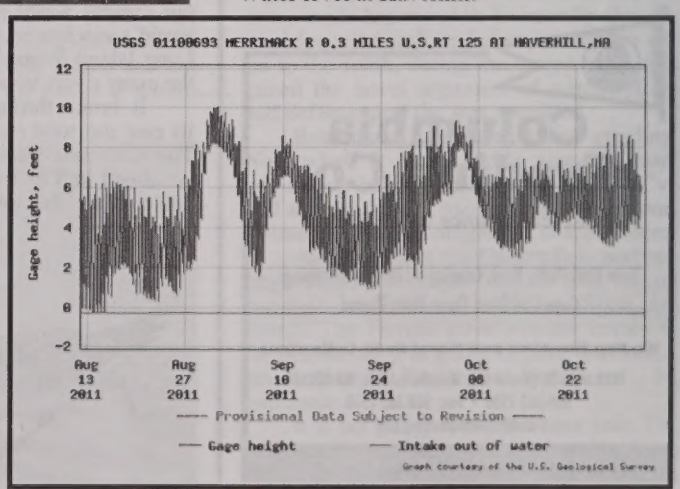
Day Five

Above Haverhill the river is not considered navigable and the MRWC map shows two series of "rocks, rapids and riffles" shown as Mitchells Falls. I asked George if he had ever been through them and he said he had managed to get up once in a kayak. He said, "There's a wall of rocks across the river, except there's a gap near the south bank," which didn't sound too promising.

There's a lot of difference between a plastic kayak, which can knock against rocks without damage, with a paddle which can be used in all sorts of ways, and a wooden hull which I don't want to scrape against rocks, with oars which are constrained to their arc and wouldn't withstand much scraping either.

I decided that I preferred to start below the rapids, rather than above, because if you approach a rapid from below and find it dangerous, you can just stop rowing and be

Water level at Haverhill.



swept back into calm water, whereas coming downstream, once you're in it you're in it (and even if you get through, there'll be a long walk back to the car).

If these rapids were the limit of the tidal effect, the drop through them would be least at high tide, but I didn't want to go up at high tide and find, coming back downstream later, a waterfall where there was no waterfall before!

But sometimes I worry too much. A couple of days later, with the flow at Lowell now at 250 cubic metres per second, in the afternoon, to coincide with the high tide at the river's mouth, I launched again at the same ramp and set off upstream. Haverhill does not exactly embrace the river, but that's its own problem.

Under the first highway bridge, as the map marked, there were some rocks to be seen, but they were easily avoided. Soon the water began to swirl and "boil" and my speed went down to 4 or 5km/hr, but there was no real difficulty in making progress. Around the bend it was quiet, but soon the swirling began again and I could see some rocks in the northern half of the width, but not a "wall," in my mirror.

I realized I wasn't making great progress so I piled on the pressure and clawed my way up through Mitchells Falls. I never got the feeling that there wasn't plenty of water underneath me, but it sure was moving and swirling around. I wouldn't like to have tried it in a racing shell, which are easily upset by swirls, but in my wider craft I could keep rowing hard and, although my GPS showed less than 3km/hr at one point, I finally picked up speed again and moved into calmer water.

I continued up under the second highway bridge and looked for a canoe access point marked on the map, but there was no such thing, the bank was very steep all the way. Going down the "falls" I went through the fastest section stern first, letting the current carry me, to keep a good lookout for rocks, particularly ones which might have appeared since I rowed up, but there were no noticeable changes at all. I hope the photo conveys a sense of these rapids.

Going back down through the lower section, after I had stopped worrying and was rowing normally, my speed reached 14.8km/hr, the fastest my GPS had ever recorded. It took me 90 minutes rowing upstream, but it would have been only 45 downstream if I hadn't dawdled. 18km on the GPS that day, but over 20 through the water!

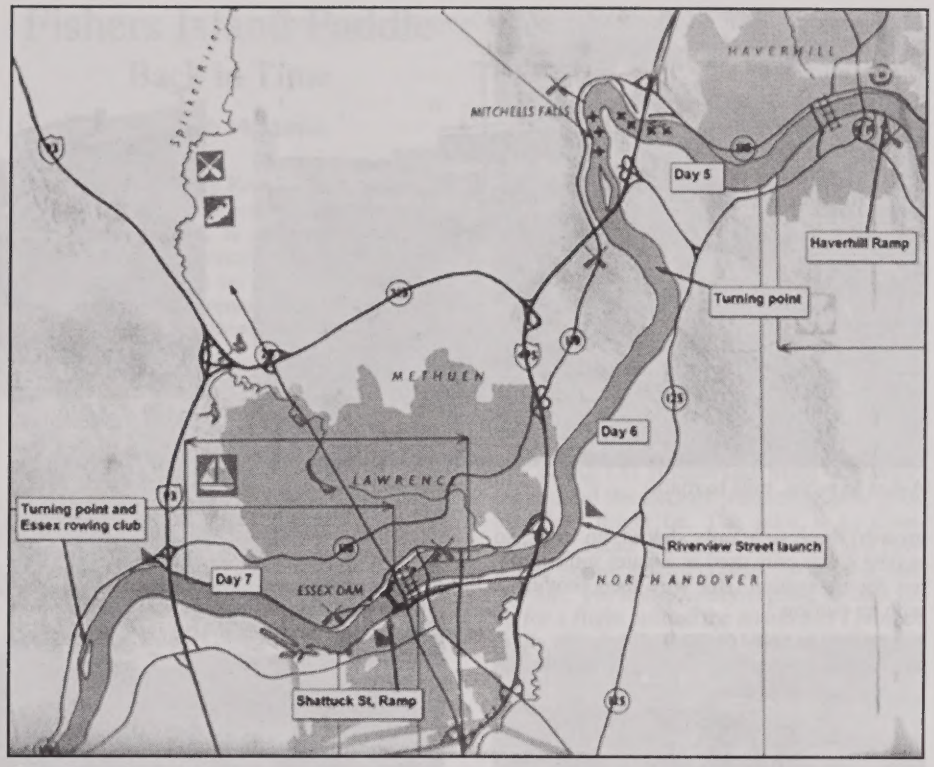
Day Six

I had not gone all the way up to the dam in Lawrence on Day Five because it was too far. But now I had to find somewhere to launch between that dam and my previous turning point. The MRWC map showed a ramp on the south side, right where Lawrence Airport is, which didn't give me confidence but I went exploring in that area anyway and found a place with access to the water at the end of Riverview Street (which is actually in North Andover).

It was by no means a ramp, but after clearing some debris and broken glass, I decided it was useable. While in the area, I explored Lawrence, or at least its water courses. There is a dam at the west end of Lawrence and canals running parallel to the river on both north and south sides.

The south canal is neglected, but some of the old stonework and sluice works can still be seen. It's fed from the river above the dam and comes to an abrupt end after a while, so its only use could have been to feed water, for power, to the mills between itself and the river.

The north canal is in better shape. The green path used to be a railroad (some old ties could be found in the grass) and some quite magnificent cast iron machinery has been preserved but at the east end, as far as I could see (there was no access path and a lot of under-



Days Five, Six and Seven.

Haverhill city center.

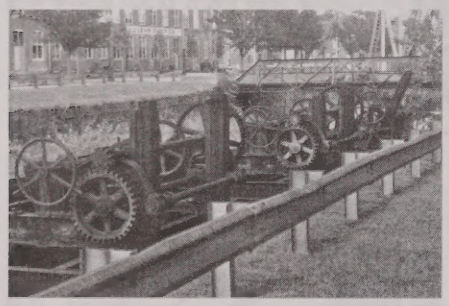
Mitchells Falls.

The South Canal.

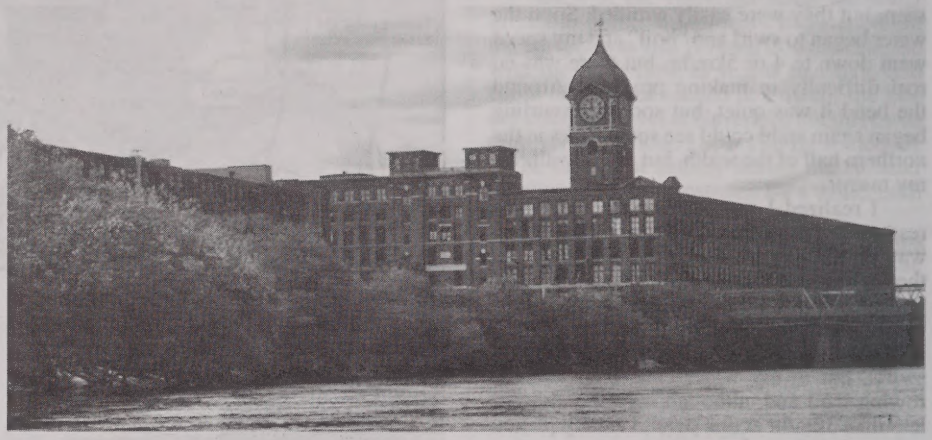
Ashes to ashes, rails to roads.

The North Canal.

growth) there were only sluices, no locks, so maybe it was only used as a water source, too, not for navigation. But why then provide it with an outflow?



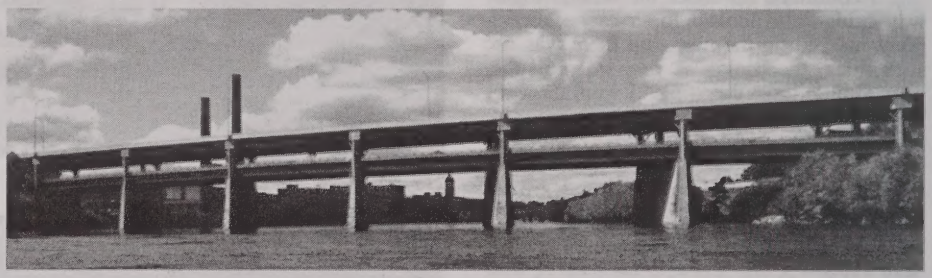
Sluice control.



A Lawrence mill.

You can see some of Lawrence's mills in these photos. The size and number of mills clustered along the river is astonishing, they must have employed tens of thousands of people a hundred or so years ago. The prosperity (of the upper class, anyway) of those days is illustrated by an imposing tower which still dominates the south side of the city.

It's not just for show, though, there's a water tank in the top. The photo shows that in those days, decisions were decisions, the every 18 months re-organization which characterizes industry these days was not normal then. Today some of the mills are occupied and busy, while others stand empty, proudly and patiently waiting to serve again.



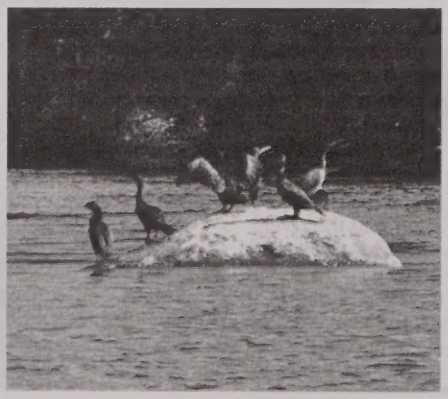
The double level bridge, with the same mill tower visible.

This is where the office was expected to be for a long, long time.

So with a lot of slipping and sliding in the mud, I launched the next morning at the end of Riverview Street, within sight of the double level bridge which carries the highway on top and local traffic below and set off downstream to the spot I had previously reached.

It was another beautiful calm morning, but with a strange mix of quiet and noise, a highway on one side of the river, a railroad and an airport on the other, silence in the middle, but it wouldn't have been good to daydream too deeply because there was a rock lying in wait, though the cormorants' noisiness when they dispersed would have given it away.

Cormorants Café.



After turning upstream and passing my put-in place, I rowed up between the rows of mills through the centre of Lawrence. I made it almost up to the dam before the river got too rocky and the current too strong. That photo is a little confusing, but as I say, I couldn't get any closer. The bridge nearest to the camera is a railroad bridge, then there is a road bridge with "skirts" on, since it's under repair, and the dam, which you can't quite see the top of, is just behind that.

Back down below the double level bridge I had trouble finding my put-in point, it blended into the wooded bank so well, but finally I succeeded. The GPS showed 18km again.

(To Be Continued)

Railroad bridge, road bridge and dam.

Fishers Island Paddle

Back in Time

By Hugh McManus

Back in the mid '60s, while serving with the Coast Guard, I had been stationed for about 18 months or so at a Lifeboat Station on Fishers Island which, while part of New York State, is geographically just a few miles offshore from New London, Connecticut. Looking to get back to the island and revisit that part of my youth, I had been planning a kayak trip that would take a paddling companion and me clockwise around the nine-mile long island.

For that to happen I knew that I'd have to do some homework to select a date that would allow us to put both the tide and current on our side when going through both the eastern passages and the island's western end at The Race. After carefully checking the tide and current charts, we ended up with Sunday, July 22, as a day when we'd see slack water in the morning at the island's eastern end in Wicopesset Passage right at the Rhode Island state line and a bit later around the western end of the island on the falling side of the flood cycle.

The Race can be a formable stretch of water about four miles long with depths from 20' to over 300' and, of course, all that water trying to enter or exit Long Island Sound through that gap twice a day can make for some challenging sea conditions, and not all sailings have had favorable outcomes. Dealing with The Race as a coxswain on a Coast Guard 40' rescue boat it was just a matter of advancing those Morse control throttles to where the GMC 671s would make short work of almost anything The Race could throw at us, but paddling a kayak through both the eastern passages and The Race is an entirely different matter.

It was just after 7:30am when we arrived at the state launch ramp at Barn Island in Stonington, Connecticut, just a few miles from the Rhode Island state line. The ramp there is fairly large and can accommodate at least two boats at the same time so it wasn't long before it was our turn to put in. My paddle partner Tom had his Current Designs Solstice GT underway in short order and I followed in my 20-plus-year-old Dirigo 17. I knew that with the Dirigo's 27" beam I'd be playing catch up most of the day but I was willing to swap that for the stability that was the hallmark of the now out of production boat.

The slack water at Wicopesset didn't stay slack for long and before we had covered the two miles across shallow Little Narragansett Bay and then the two miles past Napatree Point to Wicopesset, the tide was flooding and was setting us west of our waypoint, the Wicopesset's big "W" Bell Buoy. But after some strong paddling and angling into the current, we rounded the eastern end of the island and headed west. Both the weather and sea conditions were excellent and we couldn't have asked for a better day. While the seas were fairly calm, the ocean swells coming in on our left were noticeable. Visibility was also favorable, as we could see Montauk Point at the eastern tip of Long Island some 15 miles to our south, and it was from there that those now gentle swells were coming from.

The eastern end of the Fishers Island is appropriately known as East Point and right on that promontory is a spectacular house that has an address on Castle Road. The house itself looks very much like a medieval castle and, in this case, I suspect while the road came first, it was named for the house that was built in 1934 by the mattress people who called it "Beauty Rest." The house, constructed of granite barged from nearby Stonington, Connecticut, is currently owned by some folks from Greenwich who, between spending some time on the island and their Connecticut abode, renamed it "Whitecaps," which on most days there's an abundance of.

"Beauty Rest" at East Point.

As you can imagine there are a lot of big homes on the island and now half the island, the eastern end, is all private with a gatehouse in the middle of the only road leading there. In fact, if anyone living there wants to make any changes to their current home or build a new one, they have to obtain permission from a review board. I guess they want to make sure the designs and colors are appropriate and dignified.

We paddled by the Fishers Island Club's golf course which is rated #5 in the US, right after California's Pebble Beach. Saw lots of people riding around in golf carts with a few of them casting an eye on the two interlopers in the little paddle boats, and I was hoping we didn't have to get permission to come that close to their club which is also known as "The Big Club." We continued on west with those building ocean swells coming in on our left and breaking on the beach to our right. The further west we paddled those once calm seas were picking up, which was not unexpected.

Building ocean swells.

We had hoped to land on a beach area that was away from homes and people and have our lunch and kill a little time to allow us to get beyond max flood at Race Rock, but I came to realize that the pounding surf wasn't going to allow that to happen. It would be hazardous to attempt a beach landing and then later re-enter the surf. It seemed we would be staying in the boats and arriving at Race Point well before slack water. It was interesting looking at the many large homes along the way with a few of them up on a bluff just east of Isabella Beach looking like they were getting ready to slide into the sea.

South shore home threatened by advancing bluff erosion.

We soon found ourselves next to Elisabeth Field where in the summer of 1964 a Coast Guard helicopter visited the island to bring in a US Public Health physician. While the doctor was doing whatever he had to do, this young CG Boatswains Mate was walking around the aircraft wondering how good that duty might be. The pilot, a Lt Commander, asked if I had ever flown in a helicopter before and, of course, the answer was, "no sir." He immediately offered to take me up for a flight around the island and I jumped at the chance, but just as I was stepping into the aircraft the good doctor returned and so ended my helicopter flight time.

About ten minutes later I, along with two other shipmates, stood about 100' away from the beautiful white and orange aircraft as it lifted off the tarmac. All seemed normal until it got about 100' off the ground and right over our heads when, in addit ion to making some pretty loud noises, it began to spin around and around like a dog chasing its tail and rocking from side to side at the same time. As the helo began to lose altitude, when there was little to lose, I began to suspect that all was not right with this flying machine and turned to my shipmates, only to find they were long gone.

That was all I needed to know, it was time to run somewhere and off I went in the direction that my astute shipmates had run and had now disappeared. I didn't get too far when that helo came down about 80' from me on its side with a pretty loud crash with all those rotors breaking away sending more than a few pieces flew by me. After a minute or two all was quiet and as I went over to the downed helo, an airport worker ran by me (by now I had become pretty cautious around helicopters) and was carrying a very large CO_2 fire extinguisher that had wheels on it. I guess he figured that wheeling it would take too long.

Later, after everything was over, he tried to lift that fire extinguisher and couldn't budge it. The crew got out of the helo very quickly with the pilot having the presence of mind to secure the power to the aircraft. The only injury sustained was to the doctor, who suffered some rib injuries, and aside from a little smoke, there was no fire, only some ticking noises coming from what was left of that once pristine helicopter.

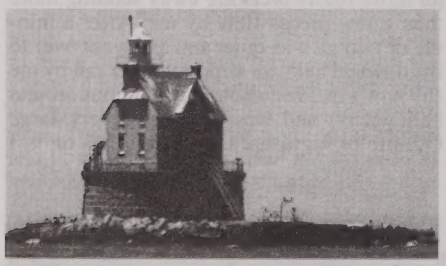
Shortly afterwards I drove the pilot down to our station to call Floyd Bennett Air Station in Brooklyn to report the crash and

made the comment to him that he was pretty lucky. The pilot, who was quite calm considering what he just went through, said, "son, you're the lucky one, the best place to be in a helicopter crash is either in it or a half a mile away." It was later determined that the aircraft's tail rotor, an apparently critical component, had failed.

Back to today's paddling, we were still trying to stall for time to get well beyond the max flood tide before entering The Race. As we sat there offshore between the airport and Race Point with the current pushing us every closer to The Race, I could see one of the Navy's fast attack submarines heading out to open water past Race Rock Light followed closely, but not too closely, by the Block Island High Speed Ferry that was leaving a 50' rooster tail. Neither of those guys seemed to be having a problem getting through the Race and, more significantly, neither did the guy who was rowing an 18' Alden Shell against the 3-4kt current seem to be having any issues either.

So we were off, paddling past Nun #2 that's located just off Race Point and what remained of a tugboat that apparently thought he could save some time a few years ago by cutting inside that big red buoy. We paddled out to within about a few hundred yards of Race Rock Light and made a right turn and paddled like crazy. A little surfing and some punching through some of the waves that our boats seemed reluctant to climb over brought us to the "SE" buoy, a quarter mile off the entrance rocks to Silver Eel Pond which I'm told is now a cove.

Paddling through The Race.



Race Rock Light Station.

Back in 1898 crews under the direction of the US Army dredged the pond and opened it to Fishers Island Sound. The Spanish American War was underway at that point and efforts were being made to fortify Fishers Island with large caliber artillery that could prevent enemy vessels from entering Long Island Sound. While the Spanish Fleet was a no show, considerable construction took place on the western end of the island. A number of concrete gun emplacements went in and 12" "disappearing guns" were installed. The "disappearing guns" have long since disappeared for good but the concrete emplacements, or bunkers, remain and likely will be there for eternity.

I was aware that some years ago the old CG Station had been sold to the Ferry District and a new, smaller station had been built in front of the old station. So, while not surprised, I was still disappointed to see the old brick station, once the home for more than a dozen Coasties, looking a bit forlorn and being used for storage. Gone was the 40' steel utility boat, one of over 500 that came down the ways at the Curtis Bay Shipyards and gone, too, were the station's two 36' wooden motorized lifeboats that utilized a century old design that carried crews out and brought them back in all kinds of weather.

The new station is used only on weekends in the summer months and the duty boat is a 45-footer with twin water jet drives that's steered with a joy stick, no more steering wheels. Barely out of my teenage years, I probably would have gotten into a lot of trouble with that 40+kt boat valued at $1 million plus per copy. If the station is manned, that 45 is considered to be the "Ready Boat" for the Eastern Long Island Sound area, at least that much hasn't changed.

That duty boat was on a call so we never got out of our kayaks. We headed east to Hay Island Harbor where we found a sand bar to pull onto. By that time (1:30pm) we had been in our kayaks for six hours and my little inflatable whoopee cushion that I sit on felt like it was an oak plank. I managed to climb out of the cockpit and carry the boat up on the bar and stood up to eat my sandwich and drink a full four cups of coffee.

After about 45 minutes we decided it was time to continue our track east down the north side of the island. We ventured into West Harbor where I could see the old Pequot Inn and I suspect the two gas stations were still there along with the post office, liquor store, grocery store, fire department and I think there was an ice cream place there, too. The Pequot Inn was open only in the summer months, closing around Thanksgiving, but the liquor store was open year round. For a cold one in the off season we could always stop off at the American Legion where they had a pool table, too.

We didn't spend a lot time poking around in West Harbor as we had miles to go but, looking over there at the Pequot, I recalled one summer night when I didn't have the duty and was enjoying one of those cold ones when the owner (I can't remember her name) was complaining about all the people "from away," meaning, of course, those folks who didn't meet the requirements of being an "islander" (it was probably getting close to Labor Day and her patience may have been a little frazzled).

By then I had been there nearly 18 months, which included at least one winter and a summer in which we were not allowed to leave the island except on a boat call, and I began to wonder which category I fell into. Obviously I was a little naive, while I didn't look anything like those guys wearing the light green or pink pants I, too, did not possess the one thing she told me separated the people "from away" from the "islander" variety and that one thing was an island cemetery plot. She was a nice lady, though, and the boys from the CG Station were recipients of an occasional "one on the house." Given her age back then and the nearly 50 years that have since come and gone, its likely she's now resting somewhere on the island, her island.

Continuing down the inside of the island through Fishers Island Sound I could see that North Dumpling Light was still functioning, although now it is a private home with a lot of green technology including a wind turbine and solar cell arrays. Many beautiful and impressive homes dotted the island's north shore, including a glass house that I later learned replaced the owner's home that was lost in a fire. We finally made it to East Harbor where the old, old CG Station was once located. Now a private home, it still looks very much like a CG station with its red roof, but the similarities ended there.

North Dumpling Light.

North shore home.

It was time to head back to the put-in and that meant crossing three miles of Fishers Island Sound and paddling by Latimers Reef Light and into Stonington's Sandy Point channel. I guess we were coming up on the 25 mile mark by then and the launch ramp was going to look pretty good. We were paddling down that narrow Sandy Point channel when we found ourselves overtaking a 42' sailboat that was under full sail but somehow we were moving faster than he was. After a short process of elimination we realized that he was aground on the edge of that narrow channel that led into Watch Hill.

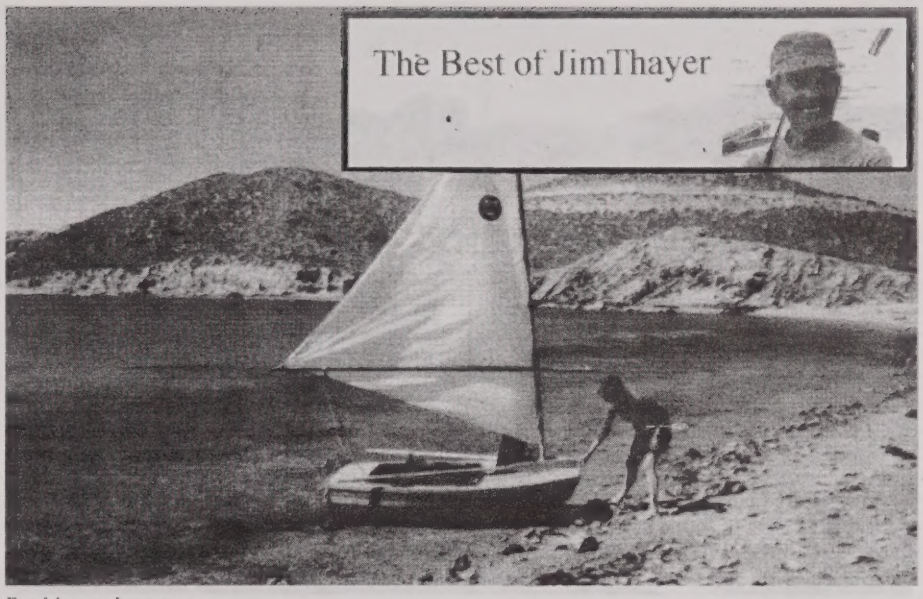
Sailboat aground in Sandy Pt. Channel.

We watched with interest while he passed a line off his masthead to someone in a 24' outboard who secured it to his stern and, while he took a strain on the line and heeled the sailboat over slightly on her side, the sailboat skipper gave his vessel full ahead on his engine. I had heard of this technique being used before but had never actually witnessed it. Worked like a charm until the outboard found itself being pulled astern with a bit of seawater coming over the transom. A sharp knife ended that problem and the sailboat skipper ended up with less line but more water under the keel than he had before.

We arrived at the ramp at 6pm and waited our turn to haul out, which for us took only a few minutes. It was a great paddle and I had the chance to turn the clock back some 50 years if for only a day. I nearly had forgotten just how beautiful Fishers Island and the surrounding waters are.

Mexican Mission

By Jim Thayer



Punkin anxious to go.

I was standing in the Brest railway station, engrossed in a timetable, when I was jerked to attention by the term "Atlantic Challenge." I looked up to find two fellas and a comely lass eyeing me expectantly, as one indicated my T-shirt. It was soon established that one of the guys and I had both been at Pentang, Canada in 1994.

The Mexicans are building a gig down in the Yucatan, and they invited me to drop down and lend a hand. This struck a responsive chord as the Mayan ruins have been on my to-do list for some 40 years.

Time flew, as always, and it was late February before we got organized. After a lay day at my folk's place in Las Cruces, we blundered through Juarez and found the highway south. Before long, we ran up against a checkpoint where it developed that my wife didn't have good enough identification for entry into the interior. (The tour director should have checked on this beforehand.) Well, one must admire a bureaucracy that puts paperwork ahead of the almighty tourist dollar.

Doubling back to Las Cruces, we got Susan on the phone and ordered up a passport via overnight mail. While shaking pecan trees, we had time to re-evaluate the project and elected to punt. We would just putter down the central plateau and then nip over to the west coast for some sailing.

This country is well off the tourist track but a little poking around turned up all manner of interesting things, chief of which was La Cueva de La Olla, a cave with a 10-foot high pot. We had a copy of the Lonely Planet Guide, which was generally quite good and in tune with our downscale modus operandi, but didn't list the pot or the best hotel of the trip.

We had hoped to sail Lake Arareco near Creel, which we knew to be very nice country, but a skiff of snow and gale force winds encouraged us to turn right at La Junta and head for Guymas.

It's 500 kilometers across the Sierra Madre Occidental to the coast and a good two-day drive. If you want to get away from it all and see more curves than you ever dreamed existed, check it out.

Incredibly, there is a large billboard near the Sonora line, in the middle of nowhere, showing sailboats and urging one to make for San Carlos, our very goal. The San Carlos idea had been planted by Steve Axon of Salt Lake, who frequents the place with a Sea Pearl in tow.

Rolling into Guymas, we followed the Lonely Planet right to the Casa de Huespedes Martha which, at 40 pesos ($5) for a decent room with private bath, was well suited to our budget.

The large, irregularly shaped harbor with rugged islands is visually appealing and the shrimp boats and pangas add interest. One yacht at anchor was the only evidence of cruising types. There are a couple of camps near the western end where one could base a small boat exploration. Close observation of a couple of outfalls suggests that you would not care to go swimming.

Two nights in Guymas saw us on the road, Cruz Roja collectors at every intersection, for San Carlos, just a short hop up the coast. The contrast was extreme. San Carlos is all condos, villas, boutiques, and a big marina. Following the road through town toward the observation point, one encounters a big dredged marina and a gated community, along with a Club Med and other upscale developments, accessed by one of those divided park ways beloved of Mexican towns. The akimbo light poles and cows grazing in the median provide a touch of reality. The whole area is surrounded by surrealistic mountains molded from gobs of variously colored and textured rock.

The parkway abruptly dumps you onto a dirt track leading north along the coast, which is pretty well occupied by Yankee beach campers as far as we went. The wind was blowing 25-35, which produced a sandblast layer about six inches high which threatened to cut off our legs at the ankles. No sunbathing or sailing. We holed up for the night at Piedras Pintados just below the observation point. It looked like a reasonable launch.

Manana was a fine day with a moderate breeze, so I pushed breakfast, anxious to get overboard. The stony beach gave good footing for the Nissan and we dropped her right at the water's edge. She being the number one Wee Punkin, which has sailed widely on the East Coast, the Pacific Northwest, and much in between. Janis, preferring a magazine to the glorious exhilarating freedom and adventure of the open sea, elected to guard the beach

We had a broad reach out of the cove and an easy run down the shore, staying close in to observe the pelicans and other sights. Three pillars on a low pediment at water's edge brought to mind Old Harry and his cohorts back in Dorset. These, however, had a less civilized flavor, obviously a bear confronting two gorillas.

My plan was to sail the estimated three or four miles to the anchorage, check out the scene, take a spin through the marina, and then head back, probably a stiff beat. In time we fetched a promising embayment where one could see the tops of masts over a hill. I was put off by the lack of a light or any marks and concluded it must be a false lead. Disappointed, I headed for a point which stuck out rather farther than I wanted to go.

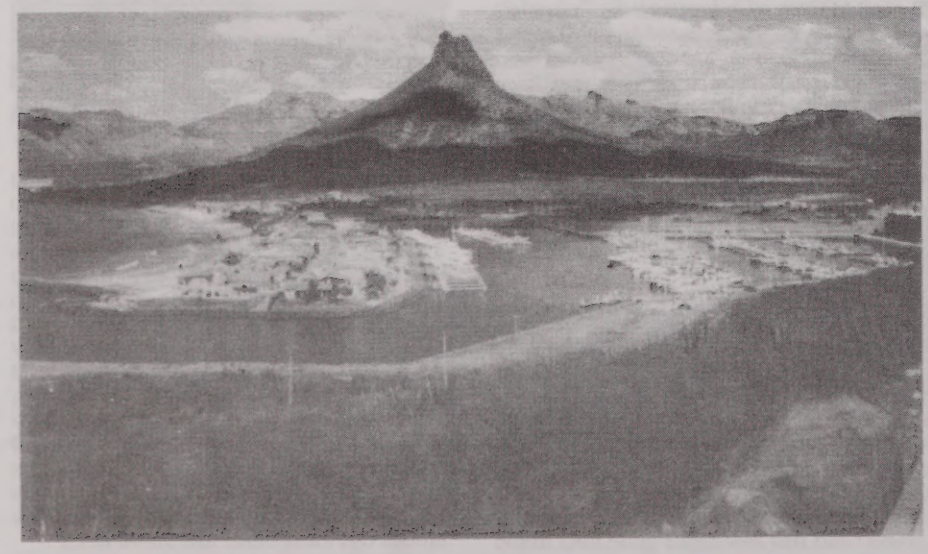
The sea became progressively rougher and things got quite lively as I reached the end of the point. A dollop of spray reminded me to ready the bailer. Whoops, forgot it. A sort of half-hearted broach suggested that per-

Typical Mexico start weather.

Pangas and shrimpers in Guymas Harbor.

Unspoiled shore and nice beaches.

Dredged marina right on sea front.



haps the boat was trying to tell me something. Being a quick study, I put the tiller over and headed for lunch, which was going to be a little late at best.

I pointed inshore and was soon close upon the rocks when, as one might have predicted, the wind died away completely. I was within seconds of reaching for the oars when we got clear. For a wonder, the wind came back out of the east with fair push and I could taste a cold Dos Equs when it left me bobbing just outside my cove. No wind and a hot sun soon had my shirt off. Worked like a charm. The wind came booming out of the north, right in the teeth. Rather than work right for the beach, I took some rather full boards trying to get the Punkin up on plane but she wouldn't go for it.

It was a nice little jaunt and hardly merits the telling, except that I was the only sail on the ocean. Why are those people keeping all those boats down here?

Back in town, we toured through a gated hilltop community with fabulous views. Didn't see much sign of life, except for a few people doing what Americans do best, washing their cars. That afternoon, beachcombing a bag of lovely rocks, we did see three boats out (two jib only) enjoying the 12 to 15 breeze, so maybe I've been too hard on them.

We were running out of time, so decided on a quick reconnaissance of Bahia Kino. Kino, too, has been hit by a leisure boom, partly Yankee and partly Mexicans from Hermosillo. There is no marina, so the long beach is the main attraction. There is a steep ramp just north of town with a big tractor in attendance and about 25 stateside trailers parked there.

We spent an interesting couple of hours watching the pangas offloading the shrimp boats which anchor off here. The pangas come sliding up on the beach and then shovel out a pickup load of shrimp. Some people evidently have picking rights and grab out the biggest ones.

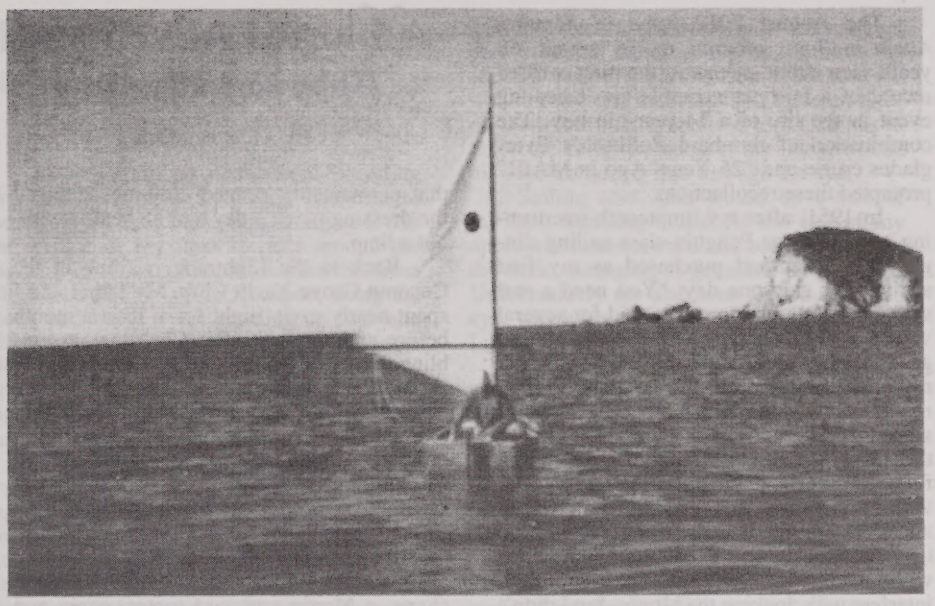
The very large Isla Tiburon is just offshore, with a number of smaller islands about. The Islas San Esteban and San Lorenzo split the run to Baja into thirds, as if placed to lure small boaters across.

It would be a reach across, then a beat up the island chain to Angel de la Guardia, and a quick dash across to Bahia de Las Angles. Coming back, it would be a broad reach ENE to Bahia Sargento and a fun run down the "canal" between Tiburon and the mainland. It looks like a dandy two-week cruise.

While buying ironwood carvings, I asked the fellow how far the road north of town extended. He quickly replied that it went clear to Puerto Penasco and within sight of el mar all the way. Since this info was volunteered right out of his head, I give it some credence and am anxious to check it out.

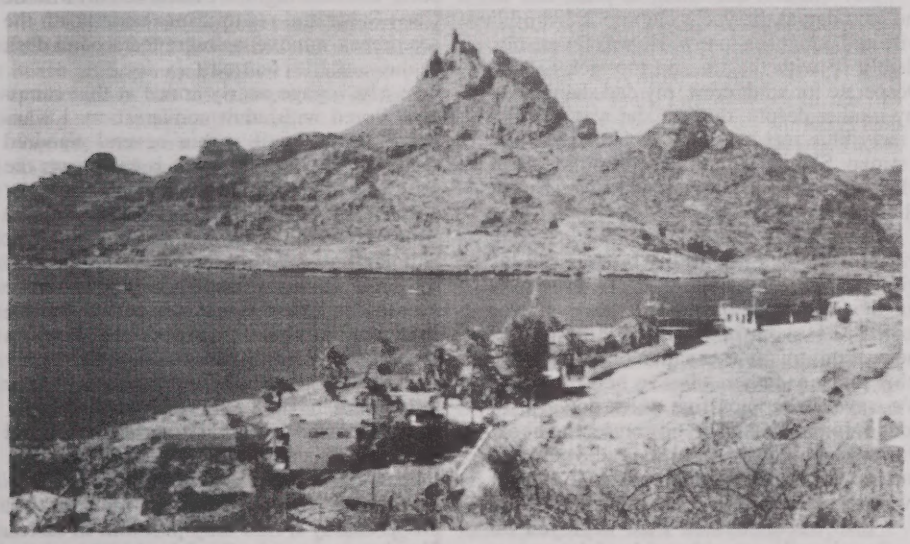
A dandy project would be to put in at Penasco and send the support van down the road with frequent rendezvous. Better run the road first with a GPS or have good radio contact. Ah, so many put-ins and so little time.

As usual, the ratio of road miles to boat hours was badly skewed.



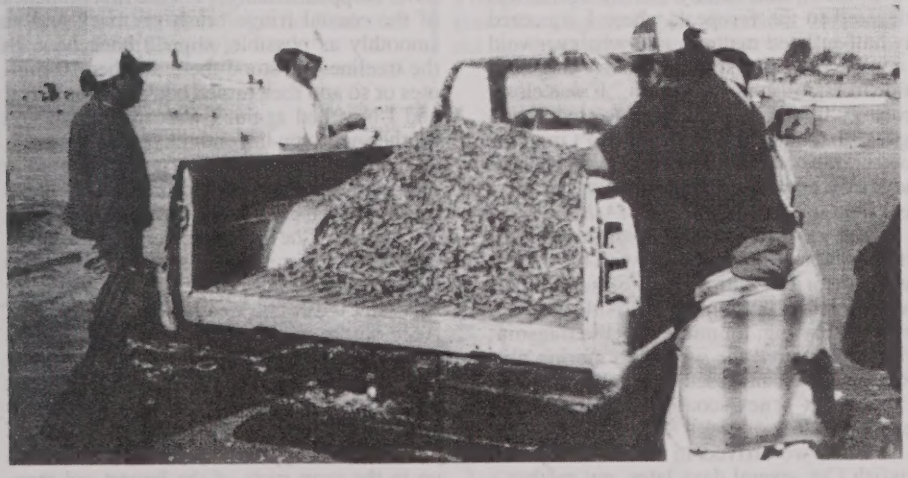
Downwind for San Carlos.

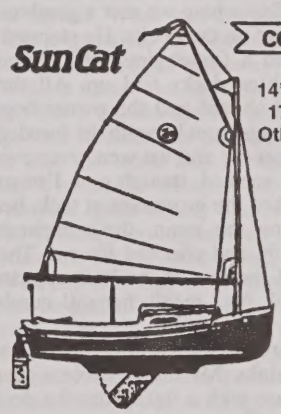
Left: Rocky shore, get the board up!



San Carlos Harbor.

A lot of scampi.





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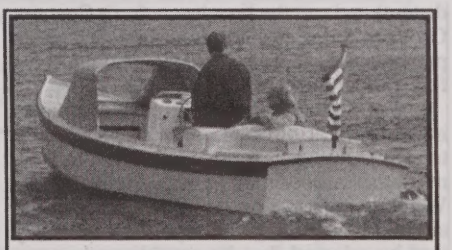

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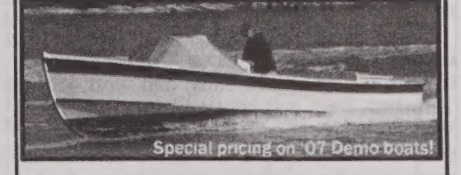

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A Florida Adventure
by Lightning

By Allan Horton

The August 2012 issue of *Messing About in Boats* prompts me to submit, 60 years later from memory, the first written record of a fairly remarkable small boating event in the life of a 14-year-old boy. The combination of Reinhard Zollitsch's Everglades cruise and "25 Years Ago in MAIB" prompted these recollections.

In 1951, after my umpteenth overturning of the tender Penguin-class sailing dinghy my father had purchased as my first sailboat, he said one day: "You need a real sailboat." Nothing more was said for several weeks until he announced that he needed to go to Miami on business and asked whether my mother and I wished to go along. I can't remember whether my mother went, but I signed on. The business involved a visit to the US Navy blimp station for which my father, an MIT graduate and civil engineer with offices then in Jacksonville, Bradenton and Fort Myers, Florida, had designed the hangers. I recall them as cavernous structures without, of course, any central columns to interfere with docking the blimps, but I didn't see any blimps.

After a couple hours on the base, we left and drove to the Coconut Grove Yacht Club on Biscayne Bay where we met a gentleman who took us out on the docks. He stopped at a slip that had a fire-engine-red Lightning with powder-blue decks tied up. All three of us climbed aboard and the owner began dragging sail bags from beneath the foredeck. He hauled them out and we went over every square inch it seemed, though now I'm sure we only checked the grommets at tack, head and outhaul on the main, the comparable areas of the jib, and checked for rot. There was none and the rest of the boat appeared equally Bristol. As I recall, her sail number was #2990.

We repaired to the yacht club where we all had soft drinks. My father wrote a check for the purchase with a little extra for dockage. I don't recall exactly what was said, but he indicated it would be several weeks before we could retrieve the boat. I had no idea at the time what that meant.

On the drive north on US 41 (the Tamiami Trail), I learned the rest of the scheme. We would return as soon as practicable after Christmas (then several weeks distant) and sail the boat home from Coconut Grove to Sarasota, Florida. I thought it quite preposterous, but experience should have forewarned me.

Four years earlier as we were preparing to move from our house on the Manatee River to our new home on Sarasota Bay, my father proposed to sell my horse, a half-Welsh pony/horse of about 800lbs, standing about 12 hands high. I objected so bitterly that he relented, but he would not borrow, rent or buy a trailer. My mother packed a lunch and prepared a jug of water which I lashed in a pillow case to the saddle and, setting out early one morning, I rode the 15 or so miles cross-country to our new home.

For those readers who may be familiar with western Manatee County, everything south of Cortez Road and west of the Tamiami Trail was unpaved in those days. When I arrived at the then-wooden bridge over Bowlees Creek, the horse refused to cross it, so I swam him across the creek. As he lunged up the opposite bank, he cut the frog of one rear hoof on an oyster shell and I walked and led him the final three miles. We doctored it with some awful purple medicine that permanently stained clothing, changed the dressing twice a day and he healed without a limp.

Back to the Lightning, waiting at the Coconut Grove Yacht Club. My father and I spent nearly every night for at least a month before and a month after Christmas assembling things we would need for the upcoming voyage, and poring over charts to calculate courses neither of us ever had steered. My brother, 12 years older than I, participated as much as being a new father with a son born Christmas Day allowed, but it was understandably seldom.

By mid-January, the serious expenditures began, canned goods, life preservers, rope, a hand-bearing compass, two anchors, charts, a Martin outboard motor, chain and shackles, tools, three sleeping bags and air mattresses, on and on and on. Sometime in early February, we crammed everything into our 1950 Chrysler sedan, leaving (barely) enough room for me to squeeze into the back seat next to the boxes and bags of gear and supplies that wouldn't fit in the trunk.

My brother, according to plan, met us the next day at the yacht club dock. with his wife and infant son in tow. He was feverishly, visibly ill with the flu and too sick to sail. Desperate for adult crew, my dad shanghaied my mother despite the fact she was wearing a navy blue serge dress and could not swim a stroke. She had time only to buy a pair of white sneakers and a floppy white canvas hat. Thus began our voyage.

We left late in the afternoon on a Sunday with directions left with my brother and his wife to deliver my parents' car to Tavernier, our destination in the Florida Keys. I was posted as lookout in the forward portion of the cockpit; my mother sat on one side or the other and my father, tiller in hand, steered. We traveled perhaps five miles down Card Sound, found an anchorage and set the hook. Dinner that night was cooked on the new Primus stove; I don't remember what we ate, but I well recall the sleeping arrangements.

Two air mattresses were deployed on the floor boards, one either side of the centerboard trunk, for my parents. A small square of canvas was stretched across the boom as a tent. Small and skinny for my age, I was relegated to the forepeak where I squeezed my half-inflated mattress into whatever void I could create by shoving boxes and bags aside to establish my "quarters." It was close, probably fetid, but it also was February, and I guess that made it bearable. I can't imagine how cramped conditions might be beneath the cuddy employed by David Buckman on his Lightning as described in *MAIB*.

The gas can for the Martin motor was jammed beneath the aft deck with the motor, fastened for the entire voyage in the small well my father cut into the portside aft deck before departing, looming over the transom. We later covered the well with marine plywood and re-canvassed the spot, creating a patch that a new coat of paint rendered nearly invisible.

When we arrived in Tavernier via the Jewfish Cut several days later, my mother's salt-starched dress stood all by itself in the corner of our motel room. Needless to say, its life ended in Tavernier, as did her participation as sailing crew.

Business in Bradenton was pressing, so my dad flew home, leaving my mother with me in the Tavernier motel. We had the '50 Chrysler, so we drove to Key West and once to Coral Gables where friends lived. In about a week or so, my father returned and once again, we re-provisioned and after a few days, my dad, brother and I set off across Florida Bay for Everglades City. By this time, I was sharing duty at the helm so that leg of the voyage was not quite so wearing on any of us.

I'll never forget the appearance of Florida Bay in 1951; I never tired of lying on the bow and watching the turtle grass, soft corals and conchs sliding by 3'-4' beneath me with fish and rays scooting away. It was like looking down into an aquarium. Sometimes a small family of bottle-nose dolphins would swim alongside, rolling over to peer up at us, or riding the modest bow wave; several times, we startled leopard rays or loggerhead sea turtles grazing on the flats. It was magical.

One night we anchored the boat near the beach of a small, offshore island, carried stove, food and sleeping gear ashore and spent the night sleeping on the thickest drift of fragrant, salt-saturated seaweed I've ever seen, The next night, we anchored off Middle Cape Sable and set up camp underneath the sea grapes, a move we regretted around dusk as the sand flies feasted.

My voyage nearly ended at that campsite. Bored with adult conversation, I wandered inland until within several hundred feet, I broke out into what is known as the saltern, a broad expanse of low, salt-tolerant grasses and shrubs that separate the coastal fringe from the upland. I had gotten about halfway across the saltern headed for the forest edge when suddenly, from beneath the evening-darkened forest stepped a brindle Brahman bull. I knew immediately I was in real danger, for this obviously was a totally wild and territorial animal that had no fear or liking of man. He wasn't shy, either,

He bowed up his back, curled his tail and shaking his head, took a few steps forward. I knew better than to try to hide by dropping below the knee-to-waist-high shrubs; that probably would only pull him in faster. Slowly, ever so slowly, I backed up, never turning away or taking my eyes off him; he'd follow for several paces and then pause, but I never stopped. Finally, I felt the first branches of the coastal fringe brush my back and as smoothly as possible, slipped back beneath the treeline. He stood there another 10 minutes or so and then turned back into the forest and I breathed again. I warned my dad and brother not to go beyond the coastal forest.

We awakened the next morning to a red-orange sky and for the first time, I heard from my brother, a Navy veteran, that adage: "Red sky in the morning, sailor take warning." Exposed as we were on the Middle Cape beach, my dad and brother decided we'd try for Shark River and weather the storm inside. Accordingly, we motor-sailed and beat north all day, progressively reefing the main, finally dropping the jib and as we traversed the Shark River bar, motor-sailing through white caps with the deepest possible reef in the mainsail. just as the sun approached the horizon we tied up to the prop roots of the largest red mangrove trees any of us ever had seen.

In his seminal text, *The Trees of South Florida*, (University of Miami Press, 1971), ecologist Frank Craighead marveled at the red mangroves (Rhizophora mangle) thriving along the Shark River before Hurricane Donna (1960) leveled them. We tied our little Lightning sailboat to the prop roots of one of those subtropical giants that towered probably 60' or more above us. The prop root was about 6"-8" inches in diameter and thrust from the tree's trunk about 8' overhead to plunge beneath the water to the bottom. Never had I then, or have I since, seen such mangrove trees.

Next morning while coffee bubbled on the Primus stove, my brother opened a can of sardines which we passed around until they were gone. He casually flipped the can overboard and before the first oil rings spread, the tea-colored surface of the water exploded, flinging spray over us all! Whatever it was, snook, shark or (probably) tarpon, it was large, and nothing we did, including sacrificing another sardine can's oil, could entice a repeat performance.

The remainder of the voyage fades to disjointed memories, since no one kept a log or journal. I recall living alone for several days to a week aboard in both Everglades City and the Fort Myers Municipal Yacht Basin while my father attended to his business. I suppose he asked a dockmaster or someone to check on me, but I never knew it.

I finally returned to school while my brother and sister-in-law sailed the boat to our home on Sarasota Bay from Venice. I'll never know how my parents got me out of school for so extended a period.

By the time we arrived, I could sail the Lightning alone, but even with crew for the next several years, I never learned, or dared try, to fly the spinnaker. The boat suited me just fine as a day sailer and limited camp-cruiser, Friends and I sailed it all over Sarasota Bay and beyond, as far north as Anna Maria Sound, Tampa Bay and once, all the way up the Manatee River to the Bradenton City Pier, from where the return voyage cost me a girl friend.

But that's another story for another day.

(Allan Horton is a third-generation native of Florida who is a retired editorial writer for the Sarasota (FL) *Herald-Tribune*. He lives in Sarasota and is preparing to build a 15' day sailer that designer Ross Lillistone of Queensland, Australia calls the "First Mate". Allan is a published cowboy poet and he and his wife, Martha, own a commercial cattle ranch (with no Brahman bulls) in Manatee County).

Bike Crash Going 60

No, Not 60mph But 60 Years Old

By Randall Brubaker

Since I took up recreational bicycling over ten years ago, I've been fortunate to mostly avoid accidents. This summer I was out on one of my favorite rides around the eastern part of Cape Ann, Massachusetts, from Gloucester Harbor up to Rockport along the coast, and back. I was grinding up two-lane 127A, where traffic moves pretty fast along a hilly and winding stretch with a narrow shoulder, when I crashed. It took me days to piece together the details because the whole thing happened as fast as a swift karate chop.

A couple of cars stopped and the drivers leaned out to ask if I was OK, but I couldn't reply because I wasn't getting enough air through my voice box. Nevertheless, I attempted to give a jaunty "thumbs up," which probably came across as bad caricature of manly bravado. My fear of embarrassment for crashing for no discernible reason trumped my fear of a punctured lung.

Thoughts of my 30-year-old nephew, who recently had a terrible bicycling accident, shattering his leg, reminded me of the dangerous realities of riding on two wheels. I found myself thinking, "Is it really all that much fun to risk injury with recreational touring? How much am I losing off my fastball at 60 years old? Are there other more age appropriate pursuits that would be rewarding?"

In 2006 I pondered similar questions about continuing the sport of sailing, these also prompted by fresh injury. I had bought and fixed up my dream sailboat, a 27' yawl-rigged double-ender. Labor Day weekend arrived with summer already slipping away and I planned to cruise this elegant craft. However, a tropical depression had come up through the Mid Atlantic and all but spoiled the weather for the whole long weekend.

It was going to be unfavorable conditions, but after putting in all the time and money I felt compelled to sail on my few vacation days. Besides, shouldn't the Cap'n know how his boat handles in a small craft advisory forecast?

And so I took a sound thrashing sailing around the Boston Harbor Islands, with their presumed protection. There were strong gusty winds and I soon determined that confused waves must be bouncing into every backwater from Hingham to Winthrop. This kind of weather calls for a deep, heavy keel, and it showed up the limitations of my lighter displacement boat. This was not fun. this was punishment.

I decided to pick up one of the national park's rental moorings tucked behind the usually tranquil Gallop's Island, but today it was roiling. The mooring balls have no lines on them, only an eyebolt on top. One has to lie on the deck and hang off the side to thread his own anchoring line through the eye.

Sailing solo, this would be a test of my boat handling skills. At the end of my approach, I ran forward and belly flopped on the deck, managing to get a line on the buoy. Unfortunately my abdomen landed on a pad eye, which hit me around the twelfth rib and I came up in startling pain.

I went down into the cabin to fix a drink and gather myself together. I was injured, the pad eye had speared me right in the spleen. I knew that the spleen was a rather mysterious organ, like a balloon filled with reserve blood. Once ruptured, it must be removed right away as it can't be stitched up. I'm sure another little "whine" floated over my head as I considered my options.

I sat there in sharp pain, wondering what I was now getting out of sailing after 30 years of boating in Massachusetts. I had seen enough of the historic harbor and islands, with its increasing number of high speed power boats, to last a lifetime, and now I'd injured myself. What was I trying to prove with this expensive, all consuming pursuit that commandeered my summers?

Well, it turned out my spleen was only bruised, but I did decide to move on from sailing. Pain initiated the process, but I concluded that the work and expense of sailing had eventually trumped the joy. And now, limping home on my bike, I wondered whether I wasn't having another sea change moment about recreational biking.

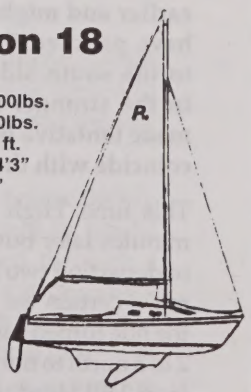
Was this also like the tipping point I'd had with basketball? I'd finally stopped playing, even with friendly, sensible guys in an over 40 group, as it came to a point where I could hurt for a few days or I could hurt for a few weeks. Plus my decades long jogging program was derailed by a persistent heel injury, right when my "odometer" rolled over 60.

But quit biking? Not anytime soon. Even with the ribs messed up, I went back out riding. Seasonal bike touring in New England is just too fine on so many levels to give up. Sixty may be the new Third Act, but the changes wrought by aging have not gone unnoticed by me. However, Albert Einstein observed, "Life is like riding a bicycle. To keep your balance, you must keep moving." I plan to keep on riding, even when I have to get a trike.

Precision 18

Displacement 1100lbs.
Ballast, Lead, 350lbs.
Sail Area 145 sq. ft.
Draft, Bd. Down 4'3"
Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"
LOA 17'5"
LWL 15'5"
Beam 7'5"

15' C.B.
16- B.K.
18' - 21' - 23'



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Round the Isle of Wight in Sailing Canoes
by Gavin Millar

An account of Gavin's shakedown cruise around the Isle of Wight, undertaken mainly as a preparation for his three-month attempt to circumnavigate as much of the UK as possible, which he began during the week ending June 10, right in the middle of the abominable weather we suffered at that time. The same weather system that is blighting Beale Park as I write this –Ed.

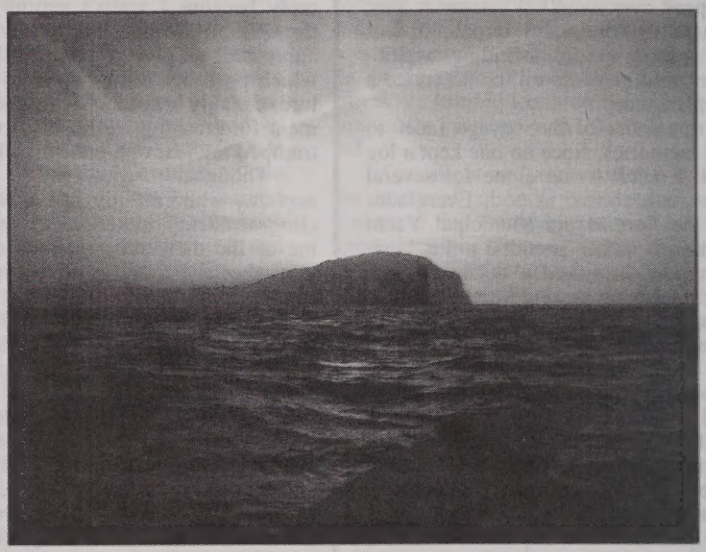
All photographs provided by the author

We launched our Shearwater sailing canoes shortly before midnight. As we sailed out of the small haven at Hill Head I could see Ian's white navigation light shining at the apex of the dim triangle of his sail, silhouetted against the yellow street lights of Cowes in the distance. The new moon had set some time ago and the stars were bright overhead. As I looked up I could see The Plough directly above my navigation light at the head of the mast. A light northeasterly wind gently pushed us along at just over two knots towards the Bramble Bank in the middle of the Solent, while behind us the conversations of night anglers along the Hill Head shore drifted across the water. Gulls, floating on the dark calm sea and disturbed by our slow passage through the night, protested to each other.

Two weeks earlier and a bit further on into the night we'd sailed out of the same harbour into a light southwesterly wind, bound for the Needles and hoping to sail round the Isle of Wight. After tacking down the north side of the West Solent for three hours, we sailed through the narrows at Hurst and then to the west of the Shingles Bank to avoid overfalls at the end of the Needles Channel.

In the cold grey dawn, with the white flashing light of the channel fairway buoy in clear view and the Needles lighthouse to our left, we ran out of wind. As the tide turned inexorably and irresistibly against us we realised we'd arrived too late, so we turned tail and, defeated, sailed downwind back to the Solent to stretch our legs and eat our sandwiches on Hurst Spit. Later, as we reached back to Hill Head with the tide our spirits lifted as the sun emerged. Ashore, we concluded we should have set sail a bit earlier and might have done better if we'd have paddled through the night, keeping to the south side of the West Solent and in the stronger tide. Lessons learned, we made tentative plans for another attempt to coincide with the next spring tide.

This time, High Water Portsmouth was 24 minutes later but we'd taken the precaution of departing two hours earlier than before, to make certain we were at the Needles before the tide turned east. The forecast was for Force 2 to 3 north to northeasterly winds. A mile out from Hill Head, we watched two brightly-lit merchant ships coming down Southampton Water and wondered whether they would



Rounding the Needles

turn right down the Thorn Channel or left down the North Channel towards us. The wind began to fade, so we furled our sails and assembled long, twin-bladed paddles.

I watched Ian's white masthead light swaying gently from side to side ahead of me as he paddled across the North Channel towards the safety of the shallow water surrounding the Bramble Bank.The ships to the west of us turned to starboard and away from us. We saw the first signs of a faint mist forming, so made sure our collision flares were to hand and stepped up the pace a little. About an hour later, after crossing another shipping channel and close to Cowes, an increasingly strong tidal stream began to push us right. Keeping a close eye on the Isle of Wight ferry, with its navigation lights showing and looking like it was about to depart from the River Medina, we turned west to pass close to the white flashing light of Gurnard Cardinal Mark and then headed for the green flashing light of Gurnard Ledge Buoy.

As we passed Egypt Point the bright lights of Cowes disappeared from view and the night darkened. A faint breeze from the northeast appeared and I started sailing while also using a single-bladed paddle for a bit of extra speed. Ian carried on paddling 'kayak style'. I ate some jelly babies to keep my spirits and my blood sugar up. Two hours passed as we sailed and paddled through the calm

Defeated, we run back to East Head

water and the cold, damp, crow-black night. Paddle-sailing helped to keep the cold at bay and was easy work as I tacked to and fro in front of Ian. But I was careful to stay close in case the visibility closed in. The tide gathered pace. We passed two more green buoys and approached the lights of Yarmouth on our port bow. The Needles lighthouse foghorn made a low and mournful sound twice every thirty seconds as we sped by Yarmouth pier in the 4 knot rushing tide. Black Rock Buoy swept by with an impressive bow wave, white against the dark water. We were beginning to feel cold and tired and were about an hour early for an arrival at slack water at the Needles, so just after 0330h we put into Colwell Bay, first on the left just after Hurst.

Starting at Dawn

We dragged our boats, on their small trollies, onto a shingle beach. It began to feel very cold indeed, so we climbed, fully dry-suited and booted, into sleeping bags and set the alarm for 0445h.

Needles at dawn

It felt as if I was lying awake looking at the stars overhead for some time but I must have dozed off as I was woken by the alarm after the first dim light of dawn had appeared. We took advantage of a short sandy beach exposed by the falling tide, to run up and down to warm up. However, I added a sailing jacket on top of my drysuit for extra warmth.

Defeated by the Tide

Back in the Needles Channel, we paddle-sailed in a light north easterly towards the lighthouse. As the darkness receded, I could see from the small wake around occasional fishing buoys that it was very close to slack water and knew there were still 3 miles to go and not much time before the tide set against us. As we increased the pace, I edged ahead and tried to see what sea conditions we'd encounter at the Needles. However, Ian then called to say he was concerned the light wind would mean we'd not make the next tidal gate of Bembridge on time, which would mean an extra twelve hours before we were able to return to Hill Head in the early hours

Launching at night – the first attempt

of Monday morning. Family commitments meant Ian couldn't take this chance so he was forced to turn back. I elected to continue and hoped the sun would bring the wind.

I sailed past the lighthouse shortly before 0600h. Almost a year before, we'd been here in bright sunshine and no wind and paddled through a gap between the Needles. But today a strong swell from the south was breaking through the opening. I carried on towards the cardinal mark at the end of the underwater ridge, called the Bridge, extending to the west of the Needles. The wind began to pick up and the tide, now just beginning to tumble

over the Bridge in the early flood, made short, steep, confused waves. Shortly before the Bridge cardinal mark, I turned towards the south west and moved my weight aft to stop *Astrid's* bows from burying itself as we overtook a short succession of large waves.

Committed to the Course

A freshening wind prompted me to take in a couple of reefs (by rolling the sail around the mast). I settled into a close reach on a course of approximately 115°. The chalk cliffs of the island shore curved round from my left towards the bow and somewhere in the distance ahead of me, beneath the rising sun and hidden by a slight sea mist, lay St Catherine's Point at the southern tip of the Island. As I passed south of Freshwater Bay, where I'd landed a year ago to portage north to the River Yar, the east-going tidal stream gathered pace and I was now fully committed to sailing round the south side of the Island. There was no way back until the tide changed and there would likely be too much surf to land on any of the beaches before St Catherine's. A group of Shearwaters floating on the waves burst into flight as I sailed by breakfasting on brie and tomato sandwiches. The wind slackened and I unrolled the reefs.

St Catherine's Race, south of the point, has a deserved reputation for heavy overfalls and large broken waves, especially when spring tides set against strong winds. I had the spring tide but was hoping the now Force 3 wind would not kick up too much of a sea. I planned to follow the recommendation of Mark Rainsley's excellent 'South West Sea Kayaking' guide which says most of the race can be avoided by keeping close inshore but, as I closed on the point, I started to see that the long swell coming from the south was breaking heavily on Atherfield Ledges with windblown spray, back-lit by the sun, curling back seawards behind the breakers.

Spring Tide in the Race

I was concerned that passing close to St Catherine's Point, where the charted depth is less than 5 metres for at least 2 cables to the south, might put me among the breakers. By now, the tide was sweeping me eastwards towards the race at 3 knots and it was too late to pass south of the race extending 2 miles offshore, so I had no option but to head straight for it. Speed across the ground, according to the GPS, was touching 8 knots at times. In preparation for the rough water ahead, I opened the self-bailer, moved my position in the boat aft, and freed off slighfly to maintain good boat speed.

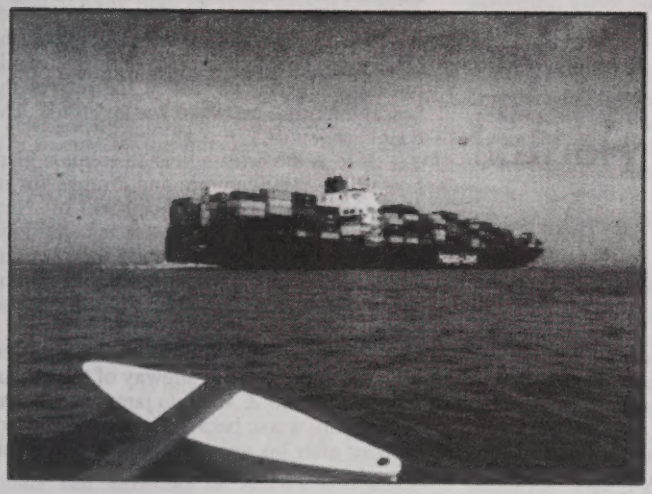
Ahead were isolated breaking waves; sparkling white in the sunshine and half a mile to my left, the squat white tower of St Catherine's lighthouse on top of a short cliff. I wished I could have taken some photographs at this point but I needed both hands for the boat as we began to crash through short steep confused waves, some almost reaching head height. One particularly large wave swept over the foredeck and washed into the boat, leaving four inches of water in the cockpit. We sailed on through several patches of rough seas, tacking a few times before reaching calmer water and passing the seaside town of Ventnor perched on the cliffs of the southeast side of the Island. As I'd hoped, the start of a sea breeze had caused the wind to veer and I was able to steer 035° on a close reach towards the next turning point of Bembridge.

As I sailed across Sandown Bay the wind grew light and I wondered whether I'd make it to Bembridge before the tide turned against me. If not, I would have to wait almost 12 hours for the last of the next flood tide and then the beginnings of the next ebb to take me east back to Hill Head. Sea water had found its way into my provisions dry-bag which had been floating around in the boat during the St Catherine's race interlude. I jettisoned my remaining salty soggy sandwiches, ate a couple of cereal bars, drank some water and started paddle-sailing. After the fast passage from the Needles to St Catherine's, progress seemed slow.

Caught by the Ebb

The day became warmer. In the distance, ahead of me, I could see an anchored ship. Sometime later I passed close to what turned out to be an anchored liquefied natural gas tanker facing into the last of the southwest-going tide. The high chalk cliffs of Culver Down, at the northern end of Sandown Bay, slowly passed by. Eventually, almost 2 hours after Ventnor, I drew level with Bembridge. As I turned the corner into the Solent at around 1130h, my progress past a sea front hotel slowed to a snail's pace as the ebb tide gathered speed. Due to one of the many peculiarities of the Solent tides, I still had a mile to go against the tidal flow before I reached the safety of the west-going stream. I redoubled my paddling efforts, inched past the Bembridge lighthouse station on stilts and then kept close to the shore to cheat the tide.

After another half hour of paddling in the hot sunshine I passed inshore of St Helens Fort and was able to relax as a Force 2 breeze from the southeast



pushed me homeward and the direction of the tide started to go in my favour. Very warm after all the paddling, I locked off the tiller extension and swapped my dry suit and thermal layers for tee shirt and shorts as I passed Bembridge Harbour and then Seaview. Lack of attention caused me to accidentally gybe, but fortunately no harm resulted. Soon after, I passed the Ryde Pier and the town's sandy beach. To my right I could see the Spinnaker Tower rising high above Portsmouth Harbour.

As I steered toward Lee on Solent across the deep water channel I took care to give east-going shipping a wide berth. On the VHF I heard the pilot of the coastguard helicopter ask permission to land a crewman on the aft deck of a merchant ship, as an exercise. I took a few photos as they passed on my port side.

15 Hours & 54 Nautical Miles

Through binoculars, it soon became possible to discern the masts of yachts at Hill Head. Soon after, I furled the sail and paddled through the narrow haven entrance. Shortly before 1500h, just over 15 hours and 54 nautical miles since our departure of the night before, I landed on the stone slipway just inside the small harbour. *GM*

Footnotes

British Summer Time started on the night of the voyage. For simplicity, all times in this account are GMT.

I'm planning a longer sailing canoe adventure this summer. Starting from home, I hope to sail past as much of the UK coastline as possible during three months out from work. I will be raising money for a charity called Hospitality Action which offers support and vital assistance for those who work, or have worked in the Hospitality and Catering Industries. Many have been helped by Hospitality Action, including those who may have experienced life-long debilitating illnesses, poverty, bereavement, domestic violence, or have sick or disabled children. *www.canoesailor.com* has a link to 'Just Giving' where it is possible to donate on line. I chose this charity because they do great work. The company I work for has strong links with the Catering and Hospitality industries and also I previously worked in this sector.

My first leg will be very short and to Netley Sailing Club, but this will give me a chance for any last-minute changes after a short sail, and also an opportunity to say goodbye to work colleagues two miles downriver from home. I hope to set off from Netley early on Wednesday 6th June and to spend the next night at East Head. So if anyone would like to visit me at East Head or at any point on my travels, some company would be very welcome.

Useful Shakedown Cruise

Ian made the valuable suggestion that if I were serious about sailing around the UK I should try an Isle of Wight of circumnavigation as a trial run, on the basis that the distance was twice what I hope to average per day later this summer and because the combination of the tides and sea conditions around the Isle of Wight can present a varied series of challenges. As it was, the range of wind and sea conditions, varying from a long period of calm and hardly any wind to heavy seas and Force 4 gusting 5 winds, was a good test of my abilities and the capabilities of a seaworthy sailing canoe. I am now feeling a bit more confident about a longer voyage.

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Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Per his wishes, Neil Armstrong, the first man to set foot on the moon, will be buried at sea. The US Navy confirmed it would perform the ceremony, but would not say where, when or from which ship or whether the burial will be a full body burial or a dropping of ashes.

Commercial fishing is the deadliest job in the United States, topped by the fishermen in the Northeast's multi-species groundfish (cod, haddock, etc) and Atlantic scallop fisheries. They are 37 times more likely to die on the job than a police officer.

Because there are too many of the largest tankers (the VLCC) and competition has become cutthroat, owners lose an estimated $5,700 each day during the return voyage a tanker makes after each hopefully profitable Mid East to Japan voyage. (That figure ignores any benefits from slow steaming.)

Double hulls decrease the chances that oil and other contaminants can get into the sea. Required after enactment of Oil Pollution Act of 1990 (when many foreign experts scoffed at the US insistence on double hulling), they cost more to build and take up valuable cargo space. Experience soon showed that it was difficult, and therefore expensive, to control and repair corrosion damage in the intra-hull void spaces and it also became clear that the service life of double-hulled ships might be shorter than of equivalent single-hull ships. Recently, government attention has focused on the energy and air-pollution aspects, and OPA 90 may end up being rewritten.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Vessels grounded: Off Cuba, about 500 metres offshore between Mariel and Vista al Mar, the container ship *Hansa Berlin* ran aground. The crewmembers were evacuated by helicopter and were lodged in a hotel in Havana.

In New Orleans, two tugs waiting for possible work quietly sank one night. A lone watchman escaped safely. The owner is a marine salvage firm and will probably use one of its derrick barges to refloat the two tugs.

In Chile, the bulker *Ocean Breeze* went ashore after its anchor chain broke. Parallel to the beach, the stranded ship provided spectators with spectacular sights as surf-created spray spouted many times higher than the mast tops.

Ships responded to irresistible urges to hit each other: At Singapore, the bulk carrier *Sunny Horizon* collided with the LPG gas carrier *DL Salvia* in the Temasek Fairway, about 700 metres east of Sultan Shoal. The bunker tank on *DL Salvia* was breached but less than 60 metric tonnes of bunker escaped.

Fires and explosions made life interesting: When the bulker *Lucy Oldendorff* arrived at Tauranga, New Zealand, the crew reported there had been a fire in a hold carrying palm kernels four days earlier but they had extinguished it with CO_2. But smoke started coming from the same hold and so conditions there were monitored by infrared cameras and smoke detectors while the ship's crew removed the palm kernels by crane. In the end, shore-based firefighters were needed.

In a Croatian repair yard, sparks from welding started a fire on the crude oil tanker *Nordic Passat* and three welders had to be rescued by firefighters.

At Lyttelton (the port for Christchurch) in New Zealand, firefighters cut a hole in the side of the drydocked trawler *Ocean Breeze* to get at a fire inside. It burned for 12 hours and leaking ammonia remained a peril afterwards.

Humans were rescued: Alaskan Coast Guard medevacs are usually featured here but other Coasties were busy. A chopper medevaced a young woman off the *Carnival Elation* some 250 miles south of Mobile, Alabama. Her kidneys had failed after missing a routine dialysis treatment.

But the Alaskan Coast Guard choppers were busy, too. In one day they did two medevacs of mariners with heart attack symptoms on container ships. One was on the *BBC Denmark*, originally about 585 miles southwest of Dutch Harbor, and the next was on the *APL China*, originally about 420 miles southwest of Kodiak. (In both cases, the ships steamed closer so as to reduce the range.) Then an Alaskan chopper took an elderly female off the *Diamond Princess*. She was showing signs of a possible blocked femoral artery. And another Alaskan chopper lifted the chief mate off the tanker *Dreggen* after he suffered a groin injury when his pants got "caught in a spindle." (No further explanation was available.)

Elsewhere, some 70 miles off Cornwall in sea state 8, 40' (12m) swells and atrocious visibility, a Royal Navy helicopter finally managed to find a 20' sailboat after searching for over an hour when the lone sailor lit off a flare. He had injured an ankle while trying to repair mast and rigging. In his haste to get off, he jumped overboard and that did not make this rescue any easier.

Closer to shore, the cross Channel ferry *Armorique* and the container ship *Maersk Patras* stood by as a Royal Navy helicopter lifted the crew of the sunken Brixham-based fishing vessel *Chloe T* from a life raft.

In Switzerland, a survey boat with four aboard was mapping the Rhine River near Basel's port when it ran into a Belgian container barge. A Swiss helicopter plucked three surveyors out of the River but one died of his injuries.

In the Seychelles, the three-man crew of the ferry *Le Cerf* were rescued by a searching yacht four hours after the ferry sank. They had used their cell phones to direct rescuers but it was the glare of a searchlight that helped make the final connection.

Nature demonstrated her strength: Typhoon *Bolaven* broke the empty bulker *Pacific Carrier* in half while it was anchored in South Korea. The vessel was in lay-up after a collision with the container ship *Hyundai Confidence* last year.

Unhappy things happened: In Baltimore, the tanker *Wawasan Ruby* was heading for a berth in Curtis Bay when it hit a coal loading structure. The resulting "substantial damage" was estimated at $5 million in repairs and lost business.

In New York Harbor, a couple fishing from their modest dinghy had to jump into Jamaica Bay when they were run down by a 600hp NYPD patrol boat. They claimed both coppers were using their cell phones but one officer explained he ran into their boat while turning his head "to look at the rear of the vessel to ensure his wake was reduced." The couple are suing.

It took the artist a year to create a giant horseshoe crab sculpture and arrange for its sinking as part of an artificial reef off New Jersey but a strap broke as it was being lowered to the bottom and it flipped upside down. Then two small supporting barges landed on top of it. But it still attracts fish and that was the idea.

Liberia's president was denied an afternoon cruise when the gangway of the coastal transport *Diallo & Macedo* jammed. His day was doubly worse because he had to wait for an hour after his arrival before two tugboats brought the vessel to the pier.

Gray Fleets

In the Arabian Sea, 13 starving crewmen radioed a passing US Naval patrol plane for help because pirates had stripped the Irania dhow *Pavam* of its supplies. The destroyer *USS Hue City* provided medical help for two of the crew plus 50 gallons of fuel, 70 gallons of water and food. (If you are curious about Arabian diets, the "food" consisted of four bags of rice and six cans of kidney beans.)

The guided missile destroyer *USS Winston S. Churchill* responded to a distress radio call from the bulker *Belde* and rendered medical assistance approximately 110 miles north of Socotra Island, Oman. The injury was caused in a cargo handling accident. An embarked helicopter took the injured man to an Oman medical facility for treatment.

The commanding officer of the ballistic missile submarine *USS Rhode Island* became aware of onboard cheating problems during training examinations for nuclear submarine operations and he temporarily relieved of duty one of his engineers. After investigations, he was reinstated without disciplinary action.

The US Navy's new Littoral Combat Ship has a "core" crew of 40 to operate its highly automated systems, but a Navy study revealed that the crew was overtaxed in port and exhausted underway. More berths have been added but it is not clear whether the crew size will be increased

The world's oldest commissioned warship, the frigate *USS Constitution*, set sail once again, this time using three sails and travelling 1,100 yards in 17 minutes. The event commemorated the 200th anniversary of her victory over the British frigate *HMS Guerriere* during the War of 1812, the first time a United States ship defeated a Royal Navy frigate of nearly equal size. It was also the battle in which the ship earned her nickname of "Old Ironsides." The last preceding sail was in 1997 during its 200th birthday and six sails were set then. During a 1927-1934 nation-wide tour by Ironsides, a full set of sails was installed but they were set just once and, by chance or plan, that day was dead calm.

The Royal Navy discovered that it had overpaid more than 400 tars and wants the money back. Current service people will have their pay docked up to four days a month until each debt (up to £17,000) is paid.

The Dutch Navy will search for the wreck of the Dundee-based World War II submarine *O-13* (Onderzeeboot 13) that dis-

appeared more than 70 years ago. It escaped from Holland during the German invasion in May 1940 to join the Royal Navy but failed to return from a mission in the North Sea a month later.

An inquest revealed the intimate details of a suicide on the minesweeper H*MS Cattistock*. A British seaman shot himself in the head on the minesweeper *HMS Hurworth* in February of 2010 and that devastated a close friend. He sought counseling and was taking sleeping pills and anti depressants, but when he was cruelly taunted by senior shipmates ("not shot yourself yet," for example), he also shot himself.

White Fleets

The cruise ship *Volendam* was among ships that responded when the far smaller (79' overall) sightseeing vessel *Baranoff Winds* ran aground in Alaska's Glacier Bay. The *Volendam* took off 70 of the 76 persons aboard.

Back in the US mainland, the coastal cruise ship *Yorktown* ran aground in the Detroit River, giving its 120 passengers something extra for their money. A tugboat soon pulled it free.

On Ontario's Lake Simcoe, the excursion vessel *Serendipity Princess* caught the corner of a dock and stopped dead. People went flying and two were taken to a hospital. The boat has a capacity of 265 passengers and tours Kempenfelt Bay off Lake Simcoe every day.

In Venice, wind gusts up to 70 miles per hour pulled the *Carnival Breeze* away from the pier during embarkation but nobody was on the gangways at the time. Tugs re-docked the ship about an hour later.

The *Jewel of the Seas* hit an overhead power cable while sailing into the port of Klaksvik in the Faroe Islands of Denmark. A seaman was injured by falling debris and the mast and equipment on it suffered, too. A company spokeswoman later explained, "All the navigational tools and charts we use to plan our voyage, including information we obtained from the local port authorities and harbor master in advance of our arrival, indicated we had enough clearance to pass under the cable."

Touring the US inland rivers will be the new paddlewheel steamer *Queen of the Mississippi* as soon as it is christened.

Those That Go Back and Forth

In Boston's outer harbor, Nix's Mate has a beacon marking a cross channel connecting the two main shipping channels. It is a mini-island made from granite blocks and is topped with a prominent pyramidal beacon. It's big for a beacon but a master-in-training managed to run the fast catamaran ferry *Provincetown II* aground on it with a screech. (Thick fog and perhaps radar's minimum range limitation were mostly to blame.) None of the 149 on board were harmed and the company quickly explained, "The fault is ours completely and we bear the responsibility fully." (Nix's Mate was originally 11 or 12 acres in extent but got smaller as ballast and, later, slate were mined. In the 1700s it was a place where pirates were executed and their bodies then gibbeted. One was pirate chief William Fly who scolded the hangman for incorrectly securing his noose, then re-tied it himself.)

In Pakistan, outlaws who use Tarbela Lake to smuggle timber have expanded their activities. Three outlaw passengers on a ferry on the River Indus suddenly drew guns and relieved nearly 30 passengers of their cash, mobile phones, wristwatches and other valuables. Then they forced the ferry to sail close to the riverbank and hopped ashore.

In China, a ferry carrying 19 struck an obstacle in the turbulent Xiyang River in the Guangnan county of Yunnan province and capsized. Six went missing. And elsewhere in that massive nation, a ferry carrying 21 people and ten vehicles sank. Four days later three bodies, a truck, a taxi and a Honda SUV had been retrieved. In southern China in Xishuangbanna on the rain-swollen Mekong River, a ferry capsized when caught in the strong current and swept off course. The ferry was overloaded with motorcycles and other cargo plus 23 people, mostly Burmese schoolchildren. The 14 missing included nine school kids. Finally, the Yangtze claimed 13 lives and some trucks when a not overloaded ferry carrying 21 people sank in Anhui province.

In the Philippines, the *Super Shuttle Ferry 15* lost power one night and drifted ashore off the town of Merida in Leyte. Most passengers were transferred to the *Super Shuttle Ferry 23* but six remained on board since they drove embarked trucks. *Super Shuttle 23* returned to the scene to attempt to free its fleetmate.

Nature

Drought in the US Midwest meant less water for the rivers and less grain to be barged, Unless it really rains upstream, the Mississippi River is expected to stay low through October but will not reach record lows. But water levels got low enough that a river bottom wedge of saltwater started creeping upstream, threatening the water supply for New Orleans. The US Army Corps of engineers quickly constructed a temporary underwater barrier sill at Mile 64 Above the Head of the Passes. The sill was sized so that a draft of 45' is maintained for shipping. Similar sills were built in 1988 and 1999.

In New Zealand, ironsands from its beaches are wet into a slurry and pumped to an offshore tanker and they are important in making superior types of steel in Japan and China. But Kiwis could be $1.3 billion richer if the Chatham Rock Phosphate resource was developed, said an economic research agency. All that would be needed would be to mine the 25 million ton rock phosphate deposit, but it is 400m deep on the Chatham Rise, only 450km from New Zealand and 150km from the Chatham Islands.

And there are even more ways Kiwis could get rich. There are commercial mineral deposits on the Campbell Plateau, and potentially valuable sites lie along several arcs of active and extinct seabed volcanic activity. Their active underwater volcanoes, or "black smokers," present a tantalizing long term prospect because their polymetallic sulphide "smoke" contains iron, manganese, gold, silver, copper and zinc and the smokers' deposits are self-replenishing.

Metal-Bashing

Removal of the cruise ship *Costa Concordia* from its rocky berth near Giglio, Italy, will take longer than previously announced. Look for it to be afloat again some time next spring.

Imports

A refugee boat with 150 on board capsized and sank west of Java. Searchers found only 55 survivors. To give an idea of the resources used, here were the searching vessels (figures in parentheses are the number of survivors picked up): *HMAS Maitland* (34), *APL Bahrain* (15), *AS Carelia* (4), *Gwendolyn* (1), *Da Qing Xia* (1), *Chemroute*, *Forever South West*, *Voyage Explorer*, *Frontier Coronet*, *Pelafigue Tide*, *World Swan*. Vessel types included a patrol boat, several container ships, a tanker, bulkers and an anchor handler.]

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Off Somalia, piracy was virtually nil, with no attacks against commercial vessels and only one attack on a local dhow. (It was thwarted by naval forces.) But one hostage was executed on the bulker *Orna*, which was hijacked off Seychelles in 2010 and is being used as a pirate mothership. "The killing was a message to the owners of the ship who paid no heed to our ransom demands," explained a pirate commander.

The Gulf of Guinea off Africa's West Coast was the piracy hot spot. Hijacking product tankers off Nigeria must be profitable because three hijackings took place. First was the *Energy Centurion,* and about 3,000 tons of gas oil (worth about US$3 million) and ship's equipment and crew valuables were stolen before the ship was released. Next was an unidentified Greek operated oil tanker seized off Togo. Last was the *Abu Dhabi Star*, whose crew took to a citadel while radioing for help. The pirates fled when the Nigerian Navy (or Togolese Navy, accounts vary) intervened. All three hijackings may be the work of one sophisticated crime cartel, and hijacked cargoes are often unloaded to another tanker and sold on the region's illegal fuel market.

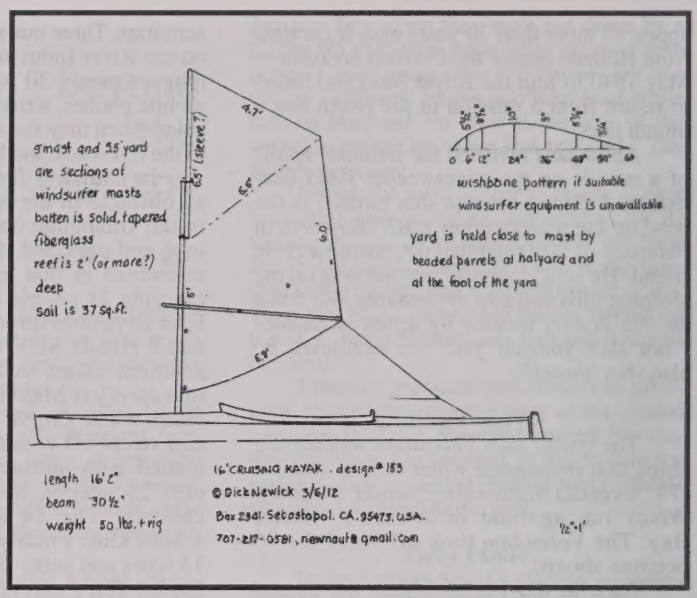
Odd Bits

To dock the ever larger container ships coming into service, some harbor tugs being built in the US will have massive bollard pulls of over 90 tons. (In 1979, Falmouth Towage Company, a firm in the southwest of England, had five respectably competent tugs with a combined bollard pull of just 70 tonnes. But ships were far smaller then.)

A new anti-fouling treatment being tested on the Dutch salvage tug *Willem-B Sr* is a self-adhesive textured film, not a chemical that has to be reapplied periodically. The short fibers of the film provide a physical barrier to mussels, barnacles and algae.

During equipment testing, the commercial research ship *Falkor* spotted the wreck of ship *Terra Nova*, a whaler, sealer and polar exploration ship that sank off the southern coast of Greenland in September 1943, after being damaged by ice while carrying military supplies. A century ago, the historic exploration vessel carried Captain Robert Scott to the Antarctic for his doomed and fruitless expedition to the South Pole.

Retrieving *HMS Hood*'s bell was postponed due to bad weather and strong currents after ten days of attempts from billionaire Paul Allen's mega yacht *Octopus*. *HMS Hood* was sunk in the Denmark Strait, between Iceland and Greenland by plunging fire from the German battleship *Bismarck* on May 24, 1941. (However, many believe it was an 8" shell from the heavy cruiser *Prinz Eugen* that actually caused the *Hood* to blow up.)


9'mast and 3.5'yard are sections of windsurfer masts
batten is solid, tapered fiberglass
reef is 2' (or more?) deep
sail is 37 sq.ft.
4.7'
6.5' (sleeve?)
5.6'
9.0'
5'
6.8'
wishbone pattern if suitable windsurfer equipment is unavailable
yard is held close to mast by beaded parrels at halyard and at the foot of the yard
length 16'2"
beam 30½"
weight 50 lbs. + rig
16' CRUISING KAYAK . design # 183
© Dick Newick 3/6/12
Box 2341. Setcostopol. CA. 95473. USA.
707-217-0581, newnault@gmail.com
½"=1'

"Joy"

Dick Newick's Sailing/Cruising Kayak

By Paul LaBrie

Smaller is better. The overwhelming popularity of kayaks and canoes is testament to this idea. Kayaks are appealing on many fronts, including significantly lower ownership and operating costs, ease of use and storage, portability and their low/no ecological impact versus powered craft. As fuel costs increase, it is likely that traditional small craft such as these will only gain in popularity.

Given the thriving market for sea kayaks, despite a less than robust economy, I had often wondered whether a small percentage of kayakers might consider sailing their craft. Chatting with kayakers at boat shows and other venues proved this to me beyond a doubt. "If I only had a sail..." was something I heard a lot.

Additionally, given the "smaller is better" principle, I also wanted, if only for me, a boat that I could strap to a roof rack and take for a quick sail, even if I had only a couple of hours to go sailing. I wanted a boat that did not need a trailer or a crew. And I wanted a sailboat, one that promised a lot of performance and fun, just as my old windsurfer had delivered some 30 years ago.

So when Dick Newick sent me the lines plans for his sailing/cruising kayak, "Joy," I jumped at the chance to build the first one. Dick's design was a perfect fit to my requirements and, I feel, a perfect fit to the requirements of many other boaters.

"Joy" is a minimalist cruiser, based on Newick's past experience with cruising kayaks (see *MAIB* Vol 29 #7, November 2011, "Introducing 'Joy"). Newick designed her to carry a cruising load of at least 250lbs and the cockpit is actually long enough for a person to lie down in it comfortably, set a boom tent and sleep aboard. The oversized cockpit will also allow for a small passenger to go along for a ride. "Joy" has more volume than most other sea kayaks of her length.

The design allows for the use of off the shelf windsurfer parts. For example, the offset daggerboard is a windsurfer fin and the mast is a sleeved, two-part 400cm windsurfer mast. A windsurfer boom could also be used as the boom in "Joy," however, we opted to build an asymmetric (half wishbone) boom as this would fit into the cockpit should we decide to paddle home.

Prototype Construction

The prototype was built of ½" bead-and-cove northern white cedar, sheathed inside and out with 6oz glass and epoxy. 3mm Sapele BS1088 plywood was used for the decks, finished bright. Deck beams and inner rails are of white spruce and the coaming, transom and trim are done in Douglas fir. The target weight for the prototype was 50lbs, less the rig. The actual weight for the prototype came in at 55lbs (the fault of the builder, mea culpa, as I beefed up the rails to allow hiking out in a stiff breeze).

The prototype modified batwing sail was sewn by Stuart Hopkins of Dabbler Sails. Stuart's experience with small craft sails helped us a lot. He added a "one-hand" reefing system and also suggested the concept of a single wishbone boom, which we successfully incorporated into the design.

Paddling and Sailing

"Joy" paddles effortlessly but, because she is designed primarily as a sailing boat, paddling requires use of the rudder. I have already paddled this boat a number of miles using a 230cm kayak double paddle. She can also be paddled canoe-style using a single paddle.

Sailing, however, is what this boat was designed for. The prototype "Joy" has lived up to its promise and more, it is the boat I had in my mind's eye. The boat fits perfectly into a set of standard cartop kayak racks. Rigging takes about five minutes. And yes, the boat performs very well indeed, she's fast!

A cautionary note here is that sailing canoes and kayaks is not recommended for beginning sailors. It is advised that you have some past sailing experience, preferably in either dinghies or windsurfers. Additionally, you will need to develop expertise at recovery/re-entry to a kayak using a paddle float. A good recovery needs to be practiced and perfected before you go kayak sailing. And yes, always wear a PFD. Given these cautions, kayak sailing could well be the most fun you can have on the water. It is certainly the best value.

Production

We are currently building a mold to begin producing the first hulls in fiberglass. A cedar strip option, at extra cost, will also be available. Beginning in early 2013, LaBrie Small Craft (www.labriesmallcraft.com) will be offering finished boats as well as raw hulls for those who wish to build a boat themselves. Plans, for those who wish to build a boat from scratch, will be offered by Dick Newick, http://www.wingo.com/newick/

For further information, please go to our website. Also, if you are a Facebook user, then "Like 'LaBrie Small Craft'" to get the latest photos.

From *The Helm*

Elf Research Updates

By Rick Carrion

Over the years, I have done extensive research associated with *Elf* and her owners. Her documentation numbers, found in the early 1970s, led us to the National Archives where her documentation papers are housed. They sent a copy confirming the numbers and her original name, *Elf*, to start my researching. I sent letters to 16 maritime museums along the East Coast and received some information. After a few cycles of letters most museums invited me to visit and do my own research, which I did during my summer vacations from teaching school. It was very time consuming because the records were on microfiche.

Regardless, I was able to find 20 photos of *Elf* taken before launching in 1888 and under sail through 1897. 1 also found several books that included her. Yacht Club members to which *Elf's* owners belonged have also provided interesting tidbits of information. For example, the Boston Yacht Club has this race result recorded: Henry Howard missed the noontime train bound for one of them in Marblehead, Massachusetts. He took the 1pm train, putting him an hour behind the other yachtsmen. Upon boarding *Elf* he saw the fleet adrift in a light breeze, so chose a different, breezier course and won the race.

Currently I am working with the New York Yacht Club's librarian, Vanessa Cameron, to put together a complete listing of all owners and associated Yacht Clubs. After this work is completed we plan to post it on our website along with all known publications featuring . Fortunately, museums are now using searchable databases, making it easier for anyone to access materials. Interested readers can help research any information associated with , her owners, yacht clubs, stories, and possibly surviving owners or their descendants. I am now trying to reach relatives of owners to hear their tales of *Elf* s past.

This spring the *Annapolis Life Style Magazine* featured *Elf* in the May/June issue. One of their readers contacted me because he had sailed aboard *Elf* in the 1930s with his aunt and uncle, Gus and Vida Van Lennep. Subsequently he arranged for *Elf* to be docked at the Annapolis Yacht Club while I gave a luncheon presentation.

Elf Memories

By Colonel George. W. Curran II

We had just arrived in Cape May, New Jersey, when my mother introduced me to her brother Gus VanLennep. He had recently married Vita and they were honeymooning on a sailboat named *Elf,* which he had purchased with money they had received as a wedding gift. My father had only recently purchased a small duckboat in order to get me involved in sailing at our home yacht club in Bay Head, New Jersey. What a thrill having my own boat and to be introduced to big boat sailing on *Elf.* Every day that we were in Cape May Gus and Vida would take me out sailing in the ocean.

Over the years my schooling and military service kept me away from the Chesapeake Bay where Gus and Vita had settled. It was not until the mid-1960s when I was assigned to the Pentagon that Mary Ellen and I got a chance to visit Gus and Vida at "Crooked Intentions," one of Gus's restored houses on the Miles River in St Michael's, Maryland, where they were currently living. During one of our first visits I questioned Gus about what had happened to *Elf.* He told me that he sold her in the 1940s when I was in the Navy.

Only recently I came across an article in the titled "The Perfect Mate" which highlighted Rick Carrion's lifelong kinship with *Elf.* All of a sudden I realized that this was the same boat that I had sailed on as a youngster in Cape May over 80 years ago. I got in touch with Rick and through my friend Rear Commodore John Melchner of the Cruising Club of America arranged for Rick to sail her to the Annapolis Yacht Club for our June meeting. He docked at the club and with his crew joined us for lunch. The price of lunch was for Rick to present a slide show which he astutely crafted that showed some pictures of the boat under sail as well as the construction process during her renovation.

For those of you who have not seen this presentation, you have missed a wonderful adventure of dedication and years of hard work in order to restore to her current like-new condition. John and I had the opportunity to go aboard before the luncheon to inspect this masterpiece.

Thank you Rick for all the memories.

(Please visit us at www.cyrg.org to learn more about our ongoing preservations efforts with this historic yacht)

How to Cut a Diamond

By Mike Bill

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*

I came to the TSCA and boat building as a recovering woodworker. I enjoy completing all sorts of woodworking projects including nutcrackers, jewelry boxes, mantelpieces, furniture and candlesticks. You name it. I would never make it as a production cabinetmaker. Too many right angles, too much of the same.

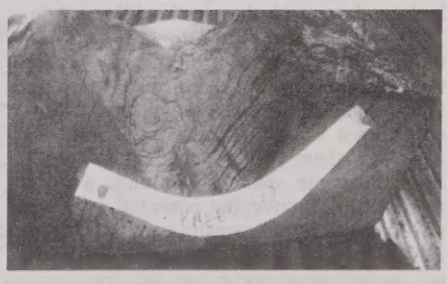
Building a boat requires the use of T-squares and a variety of precisiton tools but we really use them to establish a relative dimension or location in space. We then shape the wood to hit that mark. Rolling bevels, tapers, curves, all fascinating and challenging.

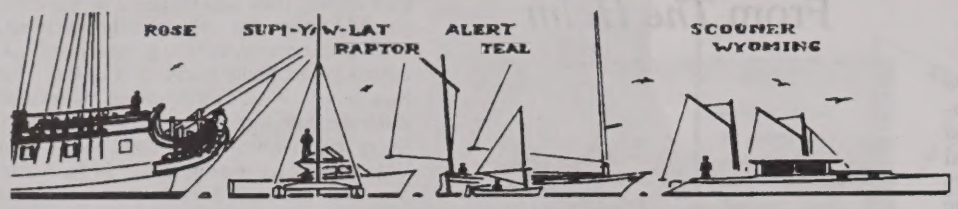
At the most recent *WoodenBoat* Show, the staff members of the Mystic shipyard were selling offcuts from their various restoration projects, with the money going towards completion of *Charles W. Morgan.* Included in these gems were pieces of live oak (from Katrina windfalls), longleaf pine (planking) and probably most unique, offcuts from the Charlestown, Massachusetts, stash of oak that has spent the last century in the mud in Boston Harbor.

This wood was procured by the government for eventual reuse on any restoration of the *Constitution* and was uncovered during a recent excavation there. Some of this wood has indeed made it to the *Morgan.*

In looking through the stacks, I found this oak crotch, still bearing the government serial numbers embossed in the end grain (Fig 1 and Fig 2). What to most people would look like firewood, I saw a potential diamond. This piece of wood would be ideal for the fabrication of a breast hook and a couple of thwart knees.

What I see in this wood may not be what anyone else sees in it, that's the beauty of liberating the proverbial "diamond" from the lump of coal. I've done a little wire brush work to remove some of the remaining mud. Fig 3 and Fig 4 show the proposed templates for the breast hook and knees. Do you see what I see? It was cheap at twice the price, and already seasoned! This is a dinghy waiting to be built. It will surely have a story.





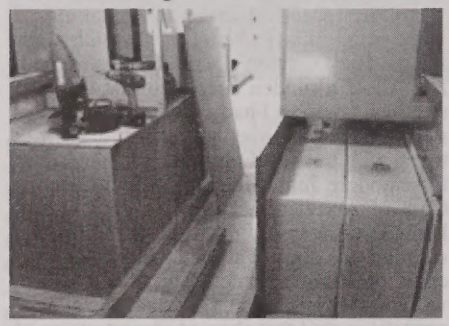
PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGNERS
PO BOX 1209
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
FAX 978-282-1349

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

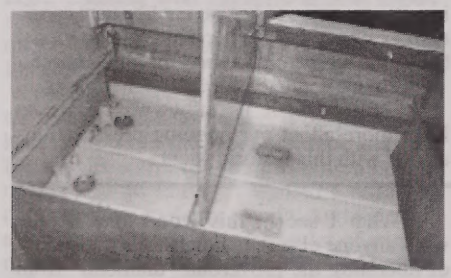
"SACPAS-3" (LCP)

Design # 681: 39'1"x7'5"x 12"x225hp
Thirteenth in a series of articles
(November 2011)

This was going to be easy. Square tanks inside square boxes in a mostly square section of the hull and all box pieces cut and several already painted, tanks on hand. Should not take much time at all... After all, the geometry seems fairly straightforward. One pair of 50gal tanks per side to total 200 gallons in four cells of narrow and tall section for least sloshing around.



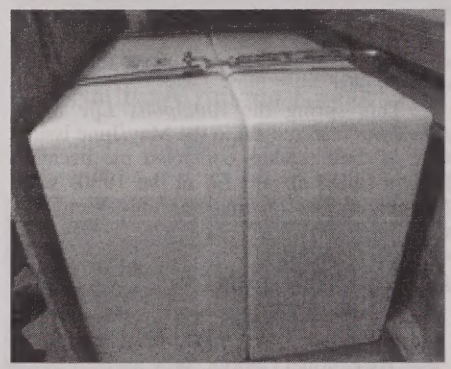
And there are sturdy structures on her bottom and inside her topsides to fasten the tanks to. The beautiful thing was these tanks were commercial "off the shelf," readily available in a competitive marketplace.

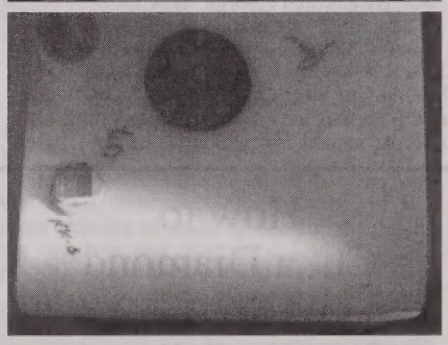


Well, Dept: "Famous last words," there is always one more episode that'll teach ya... Sure, on our *Resolution* (Design #312) the aluminum tank is just bolted onto the nearest sturdy piece of hull structure. And indeed these plastic tanks were readily available, certified and all. But these cross-linked polyethylene tanks have an odd characteristic that affects how they are installed. Between reading the scant installation instructions and several phone calls yielding a range of answers, in conclusion the manufacturer advises two serious points.

Allow for some expansion and contraction of the tank structure due to the effects of both dead cold winter and 100+ degree summer days.

After initial fueling, interaction of the hydrocarbons with the plastic will result in a 2-3% expansion along all dimensions, something they cannot do at the factory without then shipping tanks full of gasoline fumes. Unfortunately, they also suggested that we should not soak the tanks before actually installing them. This dictates the need to leave adequate space all around, with the manufacturer conveying potential grief with anecdotes of tightly constrained outward and inward bulging tanks affecting nearby structures, ruining rated capacity and even its own structural integrity.



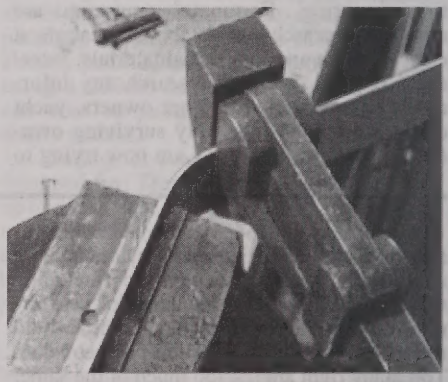


On the other hand, having four loose tanks rattling around with over 1,200lbs of gasoline seems a problematic proposition as well. Better plan on integrating turnbuckles into the tank strap assembly to allow for adjustments after the first fueling. But what will be "tight enough" or "too tight?" Perhaps a case of overthinking?

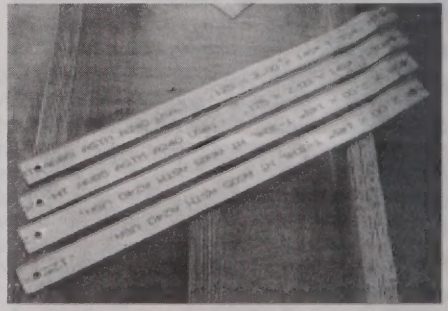
There is just enough room across and fore and aft to allow these tanks to "float" a bit. But the 304 stainless steel tank straps and their lower stainless steel bolts required a careful recessing both into the fore and aft floor timbers plus power planing channels for each strap to be pushed into as the tanks "do their thing." Furthermore, since the bottom ends of the tank straps will become inaccessible until the tanks will be removed again, they'd better be fairly long lived through stainless steel hardware and a thick coat of epoxy over the recess in the wooden members.

On top, to save cost, hot dipped galvanized eye bolts and turnbuckles remain accessible and thus observable, with a light coat of oil for "belts and suspender" thinking they should come to rival the stainless for longevity.

So off we go confirming design assumptions with an extended series of careful drilling and cutting of wood for the four recesses and bending of the four stainless straps, both at their bottom and finally over the edge of the inside tank to link up with the turnbuckle and eyebolt. Cutting and drilling the stainless stock was uneventful. Apart from a meaty vise it was good to have that ancient finely adjustable wrench (?) of Phil's to reliably control grabbing the strap to get the perfect bend.



Getting that geometry established in the boat with brute force (elbows, knees, cursing and sledge hammers) was briefly attempted and quickly dismissed as both dangerous, likely destructive and still thoroughly ineffective. These three bends per straps clearly ruled out using cheaper galvanized or painted steel, as those types of finish would immediately crack and start "going south."



It was essential to have these tanks in the boat throughout this process, with many movements of them in and out of their posi-

tion, fortuitously in a cockpit space just long enough to allow full sliding aft of them to reveal the footprint in the emerging boxes.

I am not sure how many times tanks were moved, pieces installed and removed, me climbing in and over things discovering rarely used muscle groups, countless trips back to my shop in the house for another tweaking session, grabbing a tool or whatever to eventually put all the elements together in a plausible geometry that would match all the requirements. Not quick work.

One major issue to not lose sight of (pun intended) was to retain symmetry and square geometries throughout the visible structures, as anything slightly off would forever be a poor showing of my efforts, no matter how sturdy the installation. As throughout this construction process, constantly checking with reference points to assure respective alignments and track true geometries with squares, tape measures, straight edges and eyeballs seemed near manic at times. I found myself sidetracked just enough to force stepping back to refocus on the particular subproblem. The boxes had to come out good enough to carry the half bulkheads that close off the rear of house and then serve to frame and hang the wheelhouse door. Sure worked perfectly well on paper.

In 3D it has, in fact, come together looking decent, seemingly simple enough to have been slapped together and no indication of the tedium involved getting this right.

There is still the actual plumbing to be done. And painting, plus edge reinforcing with a 1"x1"x1/8" fiberglass edging

But first, with the tanks issue resolved structurally, the aft cockpit needs assembling, hopefully a straightforward proposition to make her fully weathertight. "What could possibly slow this down?"

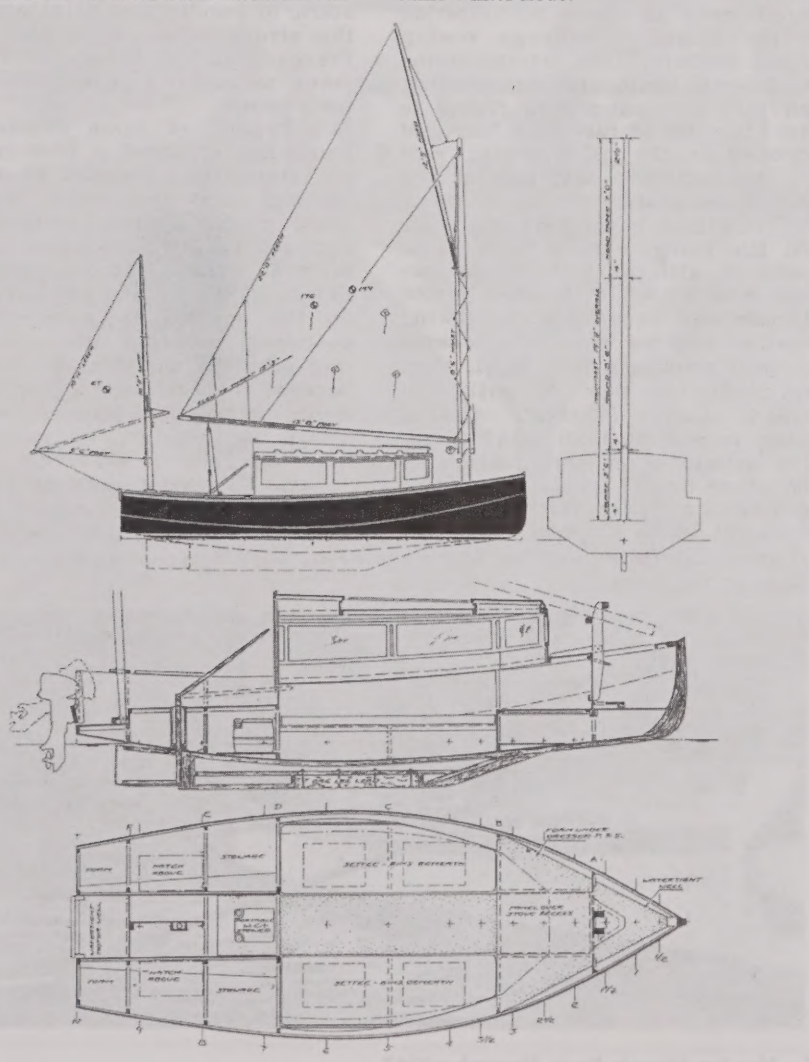
As Rosalyn had expressed some frustration earlier in the project, "Just as we are getting good at doing a particularly challenging job, we have to move on to the next one."

Glasshouse Chebacco Shakedown Cruise

By Bob Hicks

The phone call mid September was from Shemaya Laurel, she was in nearby Gloucester passing through our area near the end of her solo six month cruise along the New England coast, starting in April from Deep River, Connecticut, and reaching her furthest north at Swans Island, Maine, mid summer in her just completed Bolger 19'8"x7'5"Glass House Chebacco (Design #605). Discussion and drawings are in Phil's book, *Boats With an Open Mind*, Ch 45, pp 223ff. She unreservedly pronounced the Glass House Chebacco an ideal home afloat for her adventure. We should have more on this in an upcoming winter issue.

Also visiting Shemaya when we stopped by were David Zeiger and Anke Wagner, all the way from Alaska where they live aboard a 26'x7' "sailing barge" they built themselves to David's own design (www.triloboats.com). They were going to accompany Shemaya for several days on her course across Massachusetts Bay to the Cape Cod Canal and beyond. We may also hear more about this for that same winter issue.



SIREN SONG Launched

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

25 Years Ago in *MAIB*

Ed McCabe christened SIREN SONG, an appropriate honor.

SIREN SONG was launched on Saturday morning, October 17th, in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Too late for the 1987 rowing race season, the graceful version of a Scilly Isles gig, built for the Sirens by boatbuilder Larry Dahlmer, is an elegant 30' pulling boat that promises exciting performance under oars in 1988. The realization of the dream of this group of women from Cape Ann who joined together two years ago to undertake rowing together as a sport, SIREN SONG is bound to be an inspiration for further outreach for the team.

The Sirens have gotten a lot of attention from us, for not only are they unique in being an all-women rowing team, but they also consistently demonstrated a desire and determination to really live this experience of rowing together in large multi-oared pulling boats. Lacking a boat of their own, they were able to use the French gigs of the Hull Lifesaving Museum and the Monomoy lifeboat of the U.S. Coast Guard. Training was done three times a week, usually meaning a 40 mile ride in a maxi-van into Boston from Gloucester after work in order to row in Boston harbor, where the boats were, for a couple of hours. The payoff came in their participation in the Atlantic Challenge rowing events in July, 1986, at the Statue of Liberty Centennial celebration, and this past summer in flying to San Francisco to race in a borrowed Monomoy in the major rowing race on that blustery bay against the best of the west.

Now they have their own boat, and it's going to be a force to be reckoned with in 1988 rowing races. With a team of a dozen women all now well experienced in rowing together to draw from, the 6 oared gig will provide a very light, very fast hull for them to pull oars aboard. Larry Dahlmer's design, drawn from a WOODEN BOAT magazine article of several years ago, and other British publications concerning the Scilly Isles gigs that Siren Pat De La Chappelle obtained, provided an inexpensively built, double chined hull of marine plywood, glued and fastened with epoxy resin. The 30 foot craft has six rowing stations, each with a single 14' oar, and a coxswain in the stern to handle the tiller and call the stroke rates. After the heavy French gigs and Monomoys, this is going to seem like a sports car after a truck.

Typical of Siren events, the launching attracted a nice turnout of interested onlookers at Beacon Marine, where the ancient boatyard crane picked up the graceful craft and sat it into Gloucester harbor after Ed McCabe had christened her SIREN SONG. McCabe was invited to do the honors, in a reversal of customary ceremony wherein a woman does the christening, not only because the boat is a group of women's dream, but because Ed provided the impetus and encouragement for them to persevere in the dream. Ed's brief remarks focussed on this determination and spirit and on how the Sirens are again out at the leading edge of the growth of rowing such multi-oared boats. True to his role out front himself, his current "Excelsior" cry is focussed on France in the summer of '88 for the big maritime festival in Brittany. The Sirens expect to go.

Sea trials with builder Dahlmer at the helm brought smiles to all on board. Despite the need to tailor the individual rowing stations to the crew, they found the boat moved so well, so easily, so smoothly, it was all they had hoped. Fine tuning it and learning to row it properly will go on until hard winter sets in, and then SIREN SONG will debut in 1988 in February at Hull at the annual Snow Row.

Refreshments and tryouts at rowing in SIREN SONG for anyone interested took place at the On The Waterfront restaurant deck and dock in downtown Gloucester. We had a turn at an oar and can confirm that this boat is a pleasure to row. With six of us mostly inexperienced with 14' oars and rowing as a team, the boat still moved along nicely anyway. A smoothly working experienced team is really going to get a rush from this boat.

Larry Dahlmer has the plans and patterns from the job in hand, and he says the hope is that some of the area high school rowing groups getting organized under McCabe's direction might undertake to build their own Scilly Isles gigs. While it's more complex than the simple bateau built by Cambridge Rindge & Latin, it's also ultimately a more rewarding craft in its elegance and performance. The Sirens are naturally hopeful other boats will be built to provide competition in the coming season. It can be done, just ask them!

Ceremonial floral wreaths adorn the crew, with designer/builder Dahlmer at the helm.

Above from top: The Sirens, left to right: Helen McCabe, Terry Rubin, Bev Graham, Connie Delano, Jane Poirier, Kandy Roberts, Kate Wiggin, Laurie King, Pat De La Chappelle. Builder Dahlmer grinning over. Off on the first sea trial. Right: Long and slender and promising to be FAST!

The Boat Shop
Essential Elements

By Warren Jordan
Jordan Wood Boats
www.jordanwoodboats.com

Work Space

As an amateur builder you're not likely to have the kind of fully outfitted boat shop you see in the magazines, but you don't need that kind of luxury to do this type of work. Many a fine boat has been built in the space of a standard single car garage or less. If you live in a warm climate you can even get by with building outdoors where the elbow room is unlimited, you'll just need to provide temporary protection from inclement weather.

In general though, you need enough room to comfortably set up and assemble the boat and room to walk around it for installing the various parts. You should have a workbench area for building the sub assemblies and room enough for breaking down large sheets of plywood, though all this incidental activity plus storage of materials could certainly be done in a separate area. You will, however, want enough room at the sides to bend long or large pieces onto the boat. Some parts, like rub rails, must first be attached at one end with the other end standing off from the boat to minimize stress on fasteners until you can work the piece around as clamps and fasteners are applied.

And though not essential, it's nice to have room to stand off at some distance to observe your progress. This is a good way to both admire your work and catch any fairing problems.

Everyone has heard the story of the fellow who built a boat in his house that was too big to be removed and had to tear a wall down at launch time. That quality of determination is not at all unusual in the boat builders I have known. I once witnessed a 40' sailboat being built under a temporary shelter in the builder's back yard. Since his property was completely landlocked by neighboring houses, there was absolutely no way for the yacht to ever see water, but the gentleman went merrily about the project, working on his retirement dream boat in his spare time for several years. By the time the magic day arrived, he had completed his boat and simply hired a large crane, rigged bridles and slings, and lifted it over the house onto a trailer.

Another such story of dogged perseverance involves one of my customers. He was an expectant father and had purchased the plans for one of my cradle boats. The day of the blessed event was fast approaching but he had little spare time and no work space at home, so he decided to build the boat during his off time at his job site, the below decks crew's quarters on the Staten Island Ferry. Since the project is quite small he was able to set it up in his stateroom where he completed it in time for the arrival of his baby, even using steam from the engine room for bending the oak ribs.

The Floor

The ideal floor for wood boat building is, no surprises here, wood. It's easy on the legs, warm and is a great base for the building jig, providing a place to anchor the bracing. One of the few drawbacks to a wood floored shop is the need for constant vigilance if you use a wood stove for heat.

The usual and most common alternative to wood is the concrete slab floor. Though nowhere near as easy on dropped tools, and often cold and hard on the joints, it is a perfectly good alternative, especially since that is often all that is available. I've worked exclusively on concrete floors my whole career and, though long work periods can be fatiguing, I've found that good soft-soled work shoes really help. Besides, as an amateur boat builder, you're not likely to put in the long hours that cause problems.

For those seriously desiring a wood floor, it is not difficult to build one over a concrete slab by laying your floor material on stringers resting on the concrete floor.

Light

Natural light is always the best, so plenty of windows are desirable. For most shop situations, however, you'll likely need to supplement natural light with artificial sources. Probably the best and most efficient lighting is fluorescent, but whatever the source, you'll want plenty of light so you can see to measure and machine the many precise assemblies that make up a wooden boat. You'll also need some portable clamp-on shop lights for close-up work.

Heat

You'll need to provide some source of heat for your project, especially in the winter. This is not only for comfort, but to maintain the temperature and humidity necessary for the use of various adhesives and finishing products. But keep in mind, when these products need to be used it's not good enough to merely heat the workspace to a comfortable working temperature. If the temperature has been cold, all things stored in the area are cold and can't be brought to working temperature by short term heating, so it's a good idea in the winter to store those products in the house remembering, of course, to follow all applicable safety precautions.

A wood burning stove is ideal for a boat shop. It burns scrap wood, planer shavings and sawdust, keeping the clutter down. It also sees service in my shop as the heat source for the steam generator for my steam box, and it's dandy for keeping a pot of water for tea or hot cider at the ready to banish the winter chill.

Portable electric heaters are safe heat sources but can be expensive to operate. They are particularly handy for use in isolated areas where glue or paint needs to maintain warmth to cure.

If you use kerosene or propane heaters you need to be keenly aware of the dangers of asphyxiation, and maintain adequate ventilation.

Ventilation

Besides the asphyxiation dangers of kerosene or gas heaters, you should also be aware of the toxicity of many of the products used in building your boat. Read the warning labels of all products, wear the appropriate dust mask or respirator and make sure to provide plenty of cross ventilation by opening doors and windows.

Power

Even though wooden boat building often requires only minimal use of power tools, it is a good idea to make sure your electrical service can handle the loads, especially so if you use larger, stationary power tools. Use only heavy duty extension cords and make sure all circuits and cords are properly grounded.

Chair

Last, but certainly not least, you should get a comfortable easy chair and locate it where you can get a good view of your project. From time to time sit back and observe your artwork in progress. Very often it will help you visualize the next step and, on occasion, discover an unfair line before it's too late.

Neatness Counts

Keeping your work area cleaned up and tools and wood stowed when not in use is a good idea, especially when space is limited. Not only is it awkward working around piles of shavings and lumber, but you are usually doing so while carrying expensive, and, often razor sharp tools. I've always worked more efficiently and comfortably in an uncluttered environment. Not only is it easier to find tools when they are stowed in their designated spot, but making and assembling the many complex parts of a boat is much more easily done on a clean work surface. It's true that things start to pile up as you're working, but try to make a habit of taking some time at the end of each work day to clean up and sweep up.

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The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop

From the Director

Eric Stockinger

August was one of The Apprenticeshop's busiest months, not just on campus, but out at boat shows in the community, such as the Camden Windjammer Fest and the 10th annual Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors show here in Rockland. I was surprised at the amount of out-of-town folks at these shows, a testament to the continuing lure of Maine in summer. People from all over the country were at the Windjammer Fest, a lot of them were regulars on the schooners, and some had just come up to Maine to enjoy a holiday.

After five or six years of working these shows, I'm still inspired by the folks I meet and the conversations I have. I have answered some of the same questions over and over again. "Are those real rivets? Is that covered in fiberglass? Why don't you just use plywood?" But this year, more than others, it felt like people truly appreciated the traditional wooden boats we displayed as their presence becomes more of the exception than the rule.

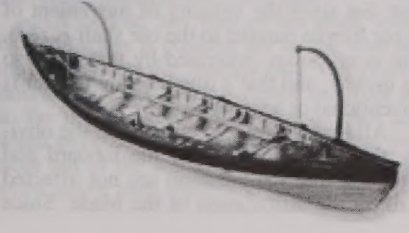
At the same time, a lot of people had a story to tell me about an experience they'd had with the Apprenticeshop. Forty years of teaching and building has left the Shop with more than a few fans. It was great to hear anecdotes from past apprentices, boat owners and Lance Lee admirers (and there are always Lance Lee admirers).

As the economy and new technologies shift the tides of boat building, The Apprenticeshop continues to hold the torch of tradition. We will continue to talk on traditional wooden boat craftsmanship at boat shows and remind the summer community of the Maine values that keep them coming back year after year. From those out there who had an Apprenticeshop or wooden boating story to share with us, we have confirmation that The Apprenticeshop's mission is still pertinent, still valued, and still working.

From the Shop Floor

A Contribution to a
National Preservation Effort

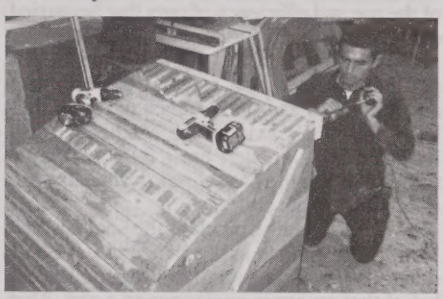
Earlier this year, The Apprenticeshop was invited to participate in the restoration of the *Charles W. Morgan*, the world's only existing wooden whaleship which resides at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut. We were asked to build a whaleboat, one of the seven 30' boats that accompanied a whaleship on her years-long hunting expedition.



Whaleboats were stored onboard until a whale was sighted. They were then lowered into the sea and sent in pursuit of the whale. Each boat was operated by one of the ship's officers and five oarsmen. Traditional whaleboats were beautiful craft adapted for a brutal purpose. Light and strong, these double-ended boats were packed with whale hunting gear. The *Morgan* carried five whaleboats hanging in davits,with two more in reserve on deck. About 1200' of whale line were coiled in two tubs, then run around a loggerhead at the stern and forward over the oars to connect to the harpoons at the bow. Over her 80-year career, the *Morgan* carried whaleboats from yards around the world. The Apprenticeshop will replicate the Leonard Boatshop's design, probably the most obscure of the *Morgan's* hunting fleet.

The very last of the wooden whaleships in existence of some 2700 that were built between 1700-1900, the *Morgan* is undergoing a massive restoration that began in 2008. The 106' bark will re-launch in July of 2013. Mystic's ambitious project then sends the *Morgan* on her "38th Voyage," sailing from her homeport up the coast to Stellwagan Bank off Cape Cod. With an Apprenticeshop-built boat on her deck, the voyage will culminate a national preservation effort and place the *Morgan* in the forefront of maritime education.

Apprentices Daniel Kreisher, Kirk Folk, Simon Jack, Tim Jacobus and Chris Konecky have completed the lofting phase of the whaleboat with help from the plans on loan from MIT's Hart Nautical Collection and are making consistent progress toward framing and planking. (Because of the significance of this project, all apprentices will eventually contribute to the build.) Hull molds and stem and stern posts stand at the ready as the oak keel is assembled. Once the lumber is milled, frames will be steamed using the mold under assembly in this picture. Anticipated local launch in Rockland is in the spring of 2013, though the whaleboat's second launch, aboard the *Morgan*, is scheduled for July and will likely claim national attention.



To learn more about The Apprenticeshop's activities visit our website www.apprenticeshop.org and check us out on Facebook: "The Apprenticeshop."

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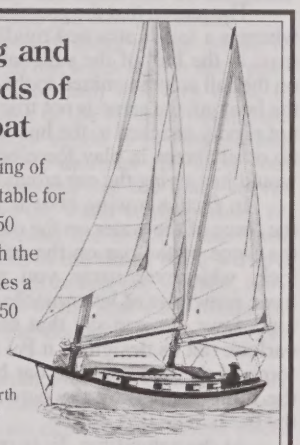

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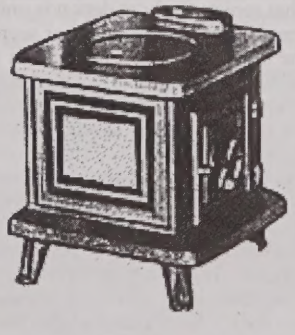

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More on Oars

By Peter Jepson

John Murray wrote an article on oars, which I read with interest in the July issue. Like him, I have enjoyed rowing for many years, though whereas he prefers fixed seat style, I prefer sliding seat rowing, but I don't think that makes any difference in the analysis of the use and efficiency of oars that he carried out, and in which I further indulge here.

In sliding seat rowing the oars are longer than in fixed seat rowing (both inboard and outboard) and the distance moved parallel to the boat's axis by the oar handle during a stroke is greater, but I think the angle through which the oar swings during a stroke is similar in both styles.

Unfortunately, much of the analysis that Mr Murray applies in the article to oar blade design is based on a totally false premise, his belief that an oar is analogous to a sail. That leads him to think that if the same changes that increase the efficiency of a sail, and thus the speed of a sailboat, are made to an oar blade, it will have the same result.

The reason that the premise is false is that whereas a sail is attached rigidly, through the mast to the hull of the sailboat and so forces on the sail are transmitted to the hull and make the boat go, the same is not true of an oar, it is not rigidly attached to the hull so if there were no other forces in play force on the oar blade would just swing the oar around the oarlock.

In fact, a rowing boat is moved not by the force of the water on the oar blade, but by the force of the oar on the oarlock (or rowlock, whichever name you prefer). Using basic principles of lever mechanics and Newton's laws, we can say that the force on the oarlock (let us designate it F_0) is equal to the force of the water on the oar blade (F_b) plus the force applied by the oarsman's hand on the oar handle (F_h).

At the same time, F_b is related to F_h by the relative inboard and outboard lengths; for example, if the outboard length is double the inboard length, F_b is half F_h. So in that case F_0 is 1.5 F_h, and in the middle of the stroke F_0 is directly forward and is the force that moves the boat (or, actually, is half of it if there is one oar each side).

So this simple analysis says that the force that moves the boat depends only on the force on the oar handle; in other words, how hard the oarsman pulls. That sounds right, of course, but it also sounds wrong because the force moving the boat must be equal to the force of the oars on the water: which is true, in fact, because F_h (applied by the oarsman's hand) is reacted by the force applied on the hull by the oarsman's foot, which we can call F_f, so the net forward force on the hull = F_0-F_f which is easily calculated to be equal to F_b.

Since F_b is just a reaction to F_h, though, if the oarsman isn't pulling at all there's no force on the blade, it's the fact that the motion of the boat is entirely due to the oarsman's effort, F_h, that's important. Any extra force on the blade, such as a "lift" force, is irrelevant.

This simple analysis of what happens in the steady state in the middle of the stroke explains why blade size and shape are not of primary importance. Mr Murray himself mentions some Norwegians who seemed to be rowing well with long saplings as oars. Of course, if the height (or width, if you prefer) of the blade were reduced to zero, the water would provide no resistance and it would be impossible to apply any force to the oar handle, but so long as the blades are wide enough that the oarsman can apply his normal pull, they work fine.

Mr Murray tells how he tested different designs of oar by using mismatched pairs and noting whether the boat turned as it was rowed. If it did, he asserts that one blade design is better than the other. But, in fact, if the boat turned, F_0 on one side of the boat must have been greater than F_0 on the other side, and that means that he was applying more force through one hand than through the other.

When one rows a sculling boat, one tries to begin the two strokes (one on port and one on starboard) at the same time and position (meaning one stretches both arms out to the same extent) and also to finish them at the same time and position. An oarsman (in my experience) will unconsciously pull harder on one oar than the other, if necessary, in order to maintain equivalent hand positions.

Actually, it happens occasionally that the collar on one oar is not secure and it slips inboard a few millimetres, then the outboard length of that oar is greater than the other and the boat, which ran straight yesterday, turns consistently to one side and the oarsman doesn't know why. In fact, he is pulling harder on the side with the long outboard to get both hands to the finish of the stroke at the same time. That situation is a bit complex because the inboard length has changed, too.

But imagine that the oarsman actually had one oar longer than the other, with the inboard lengths the same, it's obvious then that the boat would turn as he rowed, though it's easier to think of it in terms of distance than of force. If the same distance is travelled by the two hands relative to the boat, the distance travelled by one oarlock, relative to the water, will be greater than the distance travelled by the other and the boat will turn. So probably Mr Murray's "better" oar simply acted as a longer oar.

In case you're thinking, "Then why not make both oars longer, wouldn't I go faster," imagine that you have extremely long oars, with an outboard-to-inboard length ratio of 10:1. If you apply your usual pulling force, the oar handle will move very slowly, and since power = force x speed, the power you apply will be small.

All right then, why not make the outboard-to-inboard length ratio very small? The speed with which the hands have to move increases, but the human body is such that the higher the speed, the lower the force it can apply. It's the same on a bicycle, if you're on a flat road in a low gear the pedals go round so fast that you can't really push on them. So the outboard-to-inboard ratio chosen is a compromise; actually, in sliding seat rowing it's normally about 2.2:1.

When you read the assertion that any extra force on the blade is irrelevant, you might have said to yourself, "I'm not sure it's as simple as that," and if you did, your suspicions were probably aroused by thoughts of energy. Surely the energy used to make water swirl must be subtracted from the energy expended by the oarsman, with only the remainder available to make the boat move forward, so the more swirling is caused, the slower the boat goes?

That argument certainly has appeal, but it contradicts the argument based on forces, which concluded that swirling of water is irrelevant. Note that so far I'm just considering forces applied parallel to the direction of the boat's travel, and the energy thus expended. I will look at transverse forces later. For those who like to have a physical picture of what's going on, imagine that the oarsman is just taking very short strokes, with the line of the oar nearly square to the axis of the boat throughout the stroke.

So how are the two arguments reconciled? By noting that if the blade, rather than being stationary in the water, actually slips through the water (in the direction opposite to the travel of the boat) during the stroke, that distance is "lost," if the oar blade slips 10cm during the stroke, the distance the boat moves in that stroke is 10cm less than it would be if the blade were stuck fast in the water.

Therefore, to achieve the most efficient propulsion, to make the boat travel the furthest possible in one stroke, everything else being equal, the blade should be stuck fast in the water. If it isn't, the parameter we need to consider, and to minimize, is how far it slips. I have probably annoyed a few readers by referring to the oar blade, until now, as if it is just a point rather than a length or an area, but that has been a simplification which has not caused any errors in the preceding arguments.

Having clarified (I hope!) the basic mechanics, what parameters are important and why, let's look at the complications that exist in practice. The first is that extremely short strokes are inefficient. I have no doubt that this is the case, because Olympic crews take quite long strokes and every parameter which can possibly be varied has been experimented with in the last 100 years and optimized for speed.

We have noted that the oar is only at right angles to the axis of the boat in the middle of the stroke (at which point all the relevant forces are parallel to the direction of travel). Just after the catch, the blade is pushing water outboard (or outward) as well as astern and the oarsman's hands are pulling inboard as well as ahead.

The opposite is true at the end of the stroke, the blades are pushing inboard and the hands pulling outboard. Considering the moment just after the catch, surely the outboard force of the blades on the water is useless? Isn't it just moving water away from the hull? Wouldn't it be better to get rid of it? I was disappointed to read that when Mr Murray built articulated oars, constructed so that the blade swiveled on a vertical axis at the end of the shaft and was controlled by lanyards so it was exactly square to the boat's axis all through the stroke, he did not find them satisfactory.

Let's see if we can figure out why. To start with, we should note that the useful force the oarsman applies to the oar-handle is always at right angles to the line of the oar. He also applies a small force outboard all the time so that the collar stays snug against the oarlock (why do some oars not have a collar, collars make rowing much easier) and just after the catch that force may be, inadvertently, quite great, but since the velocity of movement of the oar handle parallel to the oar shaft is zero, there is no power generated by that force so it is useless, and that's true whether the oar is conventional or articulated.

All that was just to emphasize the obvious, that the mechanics of the inboard end of the oar and the oarsman are not affected at all by the articulation of the blade. Since

the articulated blade produces force on the water only parallel to the boat's axis (there is no force in the outboard direction, and so no water being moved away from the hull) it was very easy to pull at the catch, as Mr Murray remarks.

I take "easy to pull" as meaning either "requires less force to pull at the usual speed" or "pulls through faster than expected using the usual force." The same type of reasoning backs up the finding that the blade was easy to pull near the end of the stroke, just before the release.

So far, so good, we understand why the oar was easy to pull just after the catch and just before the release. And in the middle of the stroke it acted like a normal oar. So why did Mr Murray not like it? Never having rowed with such oars myself, I can only speculate. Perhaps it's because the set-up was a bit clunky (it appears that the blades could not be feathered at the release, so it must have been all too easy to catch a crab, and they were probably heavier than regular oars), but perhaps it was because it just felt strange for the required force to be small, then large, then small again in the course of one stroke.

Probably the force required in the middle of the stroke felt even greater than it actually was, because it had increased so unexpectedly. If Mr Murray could devise and construct oars that changed their length during a stroke in the same way that the Mercedes Benz windscreen wipers do, so the distance of the blade from the centre-line of the boat did not change through the stroke and thus the required force was constant through the stroke, I think he would like them!

There are two more, often misunderstood or neglected, aspects of rowing mechanics that I would like to mention, too. The first relates to the size and shape of a blade. The area must be great enough that slip in the water is negligible, and modern racing blades (for sliding seat rowing) are huge, go into waist deep water holding one in your hands (with the handle floating off to your side) and try to push it downwards. You can easily push it down slowly, but suddenly put your whole weight on it and it feels totally solid.

However, the blade is rotating about a vertical axis during the stroke, and that axis (I'll call it the pivot) must be somewhere along the length of the blade, so the portion of the blade which is inboard of the pivot is actually pushing on the water the wrong way, it is pushing the water forward rather than aft. Well, that's not doing any good! Your first response might be to try to move the pivot to the inboard end of the blade somehow, but if you could, the slip at the outer end, and thus the energy that goes into swirling water, would increase!

The only way I can think of to minimize the problem is to reduce the length of the blade, but that reduces the area, to which one might respond by increasing the height (the width, if you prefer). The modern "hatchet" blade does indeed have those proportions, less length and more height, but the height-to-length ratio can't be increased too much or you run into the "crab" problem discussed later.

Of course, any part of the shaft which is in the water is pushing the wrong way too, that's why, on the hatchet oars, the shaft is raised above the blade's centre line (but not so far that the oar turns about its own axis when pulled), that gets as much of it as possible out of the water. Perhaps Mr Murray's extra curvy oars somehow moved the pivot point inboard without increasing the swirling at the tip, that's the only way I can imagine that the details of the curvature of the blade could make a difference (except for the psychological effects).

For those interested in measuring things and experimenting, I should point out that the effective outboard length of your oar, the point where F_b acts, is not measured to the tip of the blade, nor to the pivot, it's a point roughly in the middle of the length of blade outboard of the pivot. Unfortunately I don't have any suggestion, except perhaps video recording from a bridge as the boat is rowed underneath, as to how to find out how far from the tip the pivot point is.

Of course, the effective inboard length isn't the total inboard length either, in sculling the position of the middle of the hand's width can be used, but in sweep rowing (both hands on one oar) that gets tricky, too!

Optimizing the effective outboard length is really important when you're racing. If it's too great, the stroke rate will be low and even if the oarsman is using his maximum possible force, the speed at which his hands move is too low for maximum power. If it's too short, the stroke rate is high and the hand speed is high, but the force the oarsman can apply decreases.

Also, at 40 strokes per minute, the oarsman is expending a lot more energy accelerating and decelerating his own body mass than if he's rowing at 30 strokes per minute. If you're in the Olympics, racing 2000 metres, you will be somewhere in that range, 30 to 40, but when I'm cruising in my open water boat the stroke rate is in the low 20s. The stroke rate in fixed seat rowing is much higher, of course.

Incidentally, the long thin blades that you see in old crew photos (we called them "toothpicks" when I learned to row, they were superseded in the '60s by "tulips," then in the '90s by hatchets) were looked on favorably by some oarsmen because the pivot point automatically adjusted itself.

In a headwind, or a heavy boat, there was a lot of slip at the tip of the oar and the pivot point moved inboard, reducing the effective outboard length that is just what is needed to maintain optimum stroke rate and thus applied power. The opposite effect occurred in a tailwind. In modern straight-line 2000m races on sheltered courses, though, one doesn't need that kind of flexibility so short blades (hatchets) are favored.

The last aspect of the rowing stroke that I feel I should draw attention to is the importance of the catch and release. So far, we have talked about that part of the stroke when the blade is solidly planted in the water, but getting it there and then getting it out of the water again is not so easy, and if the catch is slow, or if the blade does not release cleanly, all the energy expended during the stroke, and the sweat so generated, can be totally wasted.

As the blades "hang" above the water just before the stroke, at the moment that the body has just finished moving towards the stern and is stationary, the water is moving relative to the blade. If you just drop the blade into the water at this point, the water will hit the back of the blade, the handle will hit the oarsman's palms and the oar shaft will hit the back of the oarlock and brake the boat. So the body has to start moving back down the slide and the hands have to accelerate to the speed at which the blade is not moving over the water before the hands are lifted and the blade allowed to contact the water.

Unless the body is accelerated into motion really quickly, half the available stroke length can be gone before useful power is applied. Even with skilled oarsmen, considerable distance is lost, that's why the stroke is normally longer (i.e., there's a smaller angle between the line of the oar and the axis of the hull) at the catch than at the release.

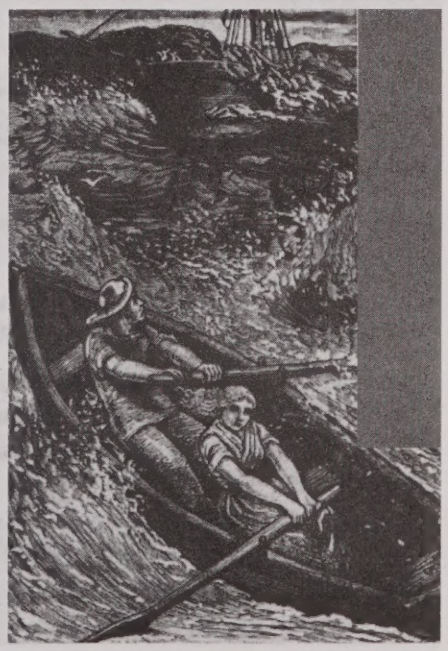
At the finish of the stroke, which oarsmen optimistically call the release, it's easy to "catch a crab," the euphemism for getting the blade stuck in the water. Suddenly the momentum of the boat is pushing the water against the back of the blade and the handle is being pushed into the oarsman's stomach, so even if the blade is partly feathered he can't push his hands downwards and thereby lift the blade out of the water.

In an eight with a crew with more enthusiasm than skill, it's not unusual for the handle to sweep an oarsman right out of the boat and into the water! More normally, though, the crab just slows the boat, and when it's almost stationary the blade can be extracted from the water and you can start again.

For greatest efficiency, one wants to keep the blade in the water and to keep pulling the oar handle until it's very close to your body, so one of the most difficult parts of rowing at high speed is to stop pulling at the last possible moment and drop your hands quickly enough that the blade leaves the water before the water starts pushing on its back. The greater the depth of the blade (I mean the width of the thing, but it's true if depth means depth below the surface, too), the harder that is to do, that's the limitation on how much the depth-to-length ratio can be increased.

The importance of quick clean catches and releases is such that a little improvement in either of those departments would count for more than total elimination of blade slippage in the water in the middle of the stroke.

Two things in all this amaze me: (1) that the use of a simple lever can be so complicated, and (2) that rowing can be enjoyed without even knowing how complex it is! So I'd like to finish by encouraging anybody who's read this far, whether their desire is to understand the mechanics and invent an improved oar, or to stay fit, or to explore rivers and lakes, just get out there and pull!



A MANUAL FOR SMALL YACHTS

BY

Commander R. D. GRAHAM, R.N.

AND

J. E. H. TEW, A.M.I.N.A.

SECOND EDITION

BLACKIE & SON LIMITED
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XLI

BOOKS

Yacht Cruising, by Claud Worth. The yachtsman's bible, thoroughly sound advice, and written in a terse and clear style without a single unnecessary sentence. We consider this the best yachting book, but it does not aim at being a complete manual, and to some extent describes what would now be considered old-fashioned yachts.

The Complete Yachtsman, by Heckstall-Smith and Du Boulay New edition. The best complete textbook, but bulky and expensive; it contains some possibly unnecessary chapters and a few omissions. It has a very interesting chapter on the development of hull shape and another useful one on sea fishing. It is written from the big ship point of view.

Cruising and Ocean Racing, by Martin and others; a good textbook.

Sailing, Seamanship, and Yacht Construction.

The Second Book.

Sail and Power.

Racing, Cruising, and Design.

Design, Construction, Handling.

These five books, by Uffa Fox, might be called yachting annuals; beautifully got up and full of interesting and sometimes controversial information. The first volume has an interesting chapter on "ideal" lines and dimensions for cruising yachts. The author is an all-out advocate of light displacement.

Seamanship for Yachtsmen.

Cruising Chats.

Cruising Hints.

Single-Handed Cruising.

The above four books, by F. B. Cooke, are excellent guides for small yachts. They are written in a pleasant manner, including many reminiscences; inevitably to some extent they repeat themselves. We recommend starting with the first.

Brown's Pocket Book for Yachtsmen, by G. Prout. A useful little book full of interesting tips; it contains an article on distance judging (which we have quoted) which we have seen nowhere else.

Handyman's Yacht Book, by Tyrell Lewis. Contains a good deal of information about repairs, painting and upkeep, and an elaborate chapter on installing an engine; useful for anyone doing their own repair work.

Small Ocean-going Yachts, by Connor O'Brien.

On Going to Sea in Yachts, by Connor O'Brien.

These contain some reminiscences and information useful to anyone contemplating an ocean voyage.

Deep-water Cruising, by E. G. Martin. An interesting account of an ocean voyage, with some good technical notes.

Yacht Navigation and Voyaging, by Claud Worth. This is the best textbook on astronomical navigation for amateurs that we have seen; it also contains advice on ocean voyages and accounts of the author's cruises.

Ten Small Yachts, by M. Griffiths, editor of the *Yachting Monthly*; an interesting account of the author's yachts.

Nautical Almanacs (see p. 90).

Nautical Tables; Inman's, Roper's, Norrie's; all equally good. Inman's is used in the Navy and the others in the Merchant Service.

Elements of Yacht Design, by Skene. One of the few books on yacht design, but not very helpful to the novice as it is very technical and full of mathematical formulæ useful to the professional designer; there is little discussion on types of yachts.

Yacht Designing and Planning, by H. I. Chapelle (Putman). A book, rather technical, by an American designer.

Knots, Splices and Fancy Work, by Spencer. A very good little book for anyone interested in the more intricate knots.

Riddle of the Sands, by Childers; the best yachting yarn ever written, by an author of tragic memory.

Rough Passage, by R. D. Graham; one of the many accounts of an ocean voyage, but as one of the authors of the present work wrote it he trusts that he may be allowed to cry his own wares.

Cookery for Small Craft, by D. Stobart Russell.

Yacht catalogues are issued among others by Pascall Atkey, Cowes; Imray, Lawrie, Norrie & Wilson, 123 Minories, London; Simpson, Lawrence, St. Andrew's Square, Glasgow.

Good lists of books are in Pascall Atkey's catalogue, and by Captain Watts, 49 Albemarle St., London, W.1.

GLOSSARY

We do not think it necessary to define "aback, abaft, abeam", &c., but will begin this section with the word "yacht", which may be distinguished from a boat by the fact that it has permanent sleeping accommodation.

Apeak: when the cable is hove short but the anchor just not broken out.

A-hull: an old expression for lying without sails in a gale; should be revived.

A-try: an old expression for lying hove-to.

Bear up: to put the tiller up and turn away from the wind.

Becket: any loop of rope or wire.

Bee blocks: sheaves on the boom for the reef pendants.

Bonnet: an extra piece of canvas laced to the foot of a square sail.

Bull rope: a rope from the bowsprit end to keep the mooring buoy from bumping the bow. Sometimes used to denote the rope which secures a mooring buoy to its chain or wire and by means of which the latter is brought to the surface.

By the lee: running when the wind is on the same side as the boom.

By the wind: close-hauled.

Cabinsole: floor of the cabin.

Carling: a fore-and-aft beam under the deck.

Cavita: a sunken line in the topsides, generally gilded.

Chain plate: or channel plates, to which the shrouds are fastened.

Channels: pieces of wood bolted to the side to give extra spread to the rigging.

Chine: the angle of the bilge in a flat-bottomed boat.

Covering board: the outer plank of the deck which covers the heads of the frames.

Cranse iron: the iron band with lugs on the end of the bowsprit.

Deadwood: the solid wood above the keel at the stern or (unlikely nowadays) bow.

Dolphin: a mooring post or stage apart from the shore.

Fiddle block: a double block with one sheave above the other; sometimes used for neatness on runners.

Fife rail: a rail above the deck with belaying pins.

Flemish coil: a rope coiled flat on the deck with the end in the centre; it looks pretty but puts awkward turns in the rope.

Flotsam: any floating wreckage as opposed to jetsam, which is gear or cargo thrown overboard to lighten the ship.

Foul: the bottom is said to be foul when there are rocks or chains which might foul the anchor, or when there are rocks on which the ship might strike.

Full and bye: should be equivalent to close-hauled, but is sometimes used to mean not quite close-hauled.

Gammon iron: the band on the stem which holds the bowsprit.

Gantline: a rope rove through a block or sheave at the masthead by means of which a man can be hoisted aloft to rig the ship.

Garboard strake: the plank next the keel.

Gasket: a rope or lashing for securing a sail when furled; also called a tier (two syllables).

Genoa: a large headsail set from the bowsprit end (or stem head if no bowsprit). The clew is cut low and comes abaft the rigging. A "Yankee" is a large jib set between the bowsprit end (or stem head if no bowsprit) and the masthead. It practically fills the fore triangle, but the clew is cut high.

Grains: a trident-shaped fish spear.

Grow: the direction in which the anchor cable points.

Gypsy: the wheel on the winch, which is shaped to take the chain; called the "wild cat" in the U.S.A.

Hounds: the projections on the mast which support the lower rigging.

Housing: the part of a mast below deck, or the inboard portion of the bowsprit.

Jib topsail: is shaped similarly to a jib and is set above it.

Kentledge: ballast which is shaped to fit.

King plank: centre plank of the deck.

Knight heads: posts supporting the heel of the bowsprit.

Lazarrette: the compartment under the cockpit.

Limber: hole in the frames or floors to allow drainage.

Loom: inboard part of an oar.

Main: there is good authority for using this word to mean either sea or land.

Moulded: the thickness of a piece of wood (as a frame) between its curved surfaces. Siding is the width between the flat surfaces.

Navel pipe: hole in the deck through which the cable passes.

Open hawse: when moored, the direction perpendicular to the line of anchors.

Parbuckle: to roll up a cask or spar by placing it in the bight of a rope, making fast one end and hauling on the other.

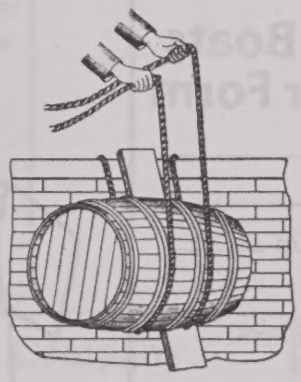

Fig. 37.—Parbuckle

Parral: the lacing which keeps the jaws of the gaff to the mast, or any yard to the mast; spelt lots of ways.

Partners: fore-and-aft beam under the deck which support the mast.

Pintle: with the gudgeon are the rudder fastenings; the pintle is the pin part.

Preventer: any extra rope or support.

Raffee: a triangular sail in one or two pieces set over a yard.

Reach: rather indefinite, but to sail with the wind about abeam; a broad reach is when the wind is abaft the beam. A ship, hove-to and making headway is said to fore reach.

Ring tail: an obsolete sail set as a studding sail to the spanker.

Rising: horizontal strips of wood (stringers) which support a boat's thwarts.

Roach: the curve in the foot of a sail.

Roband: properly the lashing used to secure the head of a square sail to its yard, but sometimes for the stops (also called rovings) used to secure a sail to the gaff.

Rockered: curved, generally applied to the keel.

Rowlocks: for the oars, but in the Navy they are called crutches, and rowlocks are the cut-away parts in the gunwale and which are filled by "poppets" when a boat is sailing.

Sampson post: a heavy post on the forecastle for securing the anchor chain; it generally takes the heel of the bowsprit.

Scandalize: to reduce the size of the mainsail by tricing up the tack and/or lowering the peak.

Sheer: the curve of the gunwale in a vertical plane.

Sheerpole: a rod between the shrouds just above the rigging screws to prevent them from untwisting.

Sheerstrake: the upper plank of the side.

Snotter: a rope strop supporting the heel of a spar as of a sprit.

Spanish burton: a purchase with two single blocks used in big ships for anchors or topping lifts.

Spanish reef: an overhand knot tied in the head of a jib for an emergency reef.

Split tacks: to go off on opposite tacks.

Spring: a line from a ship secured alongside a jetty to prevent her from moving forward or aft, as opposed to a breast which is a line at right angles.

Swatchway: a narrow passage through a shoal; if the passage is between two separate shoals it should be called a spitway or a gatway.

Strum box: strainer on end of bilge pump suction.

Tabling: strengthening pieces of canvas on a sail.

Tackle: for some reason sailors pronounce this with the "a" long; but they say altitude with the "a" to rhyme with or.

Tingle: a temporary patch over a leak.

Toggle: a piece of wood passed through the loop of a rope.

Trenail: wooden pins for fastening planks or frames.

Trim: the angle which the fore-and-aft line of a ship makes with the surface of the water.

Vang: a rope to control the end of the gaff.

Wale: a fore-and-aft piece of timber fixed inside the frames for strength, or outside as a rubbing strake.

Water sail: an extra improvised sail below the boom when running.

Way: a ship weighs her anchor but gets under way (see Dixon Kemp), but some of you spell it underweigh, which is incorrect until enough people do it often enough to make it right.

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

A craft's displacement is considered in two aspects. The first is the displacement of the craft (hull, deck, propulsion system and other basic boat items). The second is the "live load" the craft is designed to carry (people, fuel, creature comforts, etc). The two measurements become the displacement marked by the waterline stripe of paint.

My skiff came out a little heavier than I had expected. After the fact calculation showed that the craft weighs about 51lbs. The calculation is based on the following:

1/4" plywood weighs about 0.78lbs/sf. There are about 41.8sf of plywood in the craft. Estimated plywood weight = 36.3lbs.

1"x2" fir weights 36lbs/cf. There is about 1/3cf of fir in the craft. Estimated fir strips weight = 12.0lbs.

Estimated glue, paint, bow cleat, etc, weight 3.0lbs.

Estimated craft weight 51.3lbs.

This is less than my initial estimate of 60 pounds and is the reason naval architects spend time calculating the weight of materials going into a vessel. And it is the reason most "modifications" of a design do not always perform as expected, because the craft is lighter or heavier than what the architect calculated based on the "weight" of the building material called for in the construction plans.

Of interest in the calculation of weight is the change in the size of the lumber now available at most non lumber yard retail stores. I went to purchase some 1/2" plywood to rebuild a hatch cover only to find that such plywood is now sold as 15/32" material. And the 2"x4"s now in stock are smaller than the 2"x4"s of yesteryear. The fit with the hatch is not a problem as a 1/32" is not much of a change. But if you are planning to build a wood boat, you might want to research what was in the construction list created by the architect versus what is available today.

There is also the problem, as per my hatch project, of matching what is available now with what was installed originally, if you are doing repairs. You either have to purchase the next size up in lumber and cut it down to fit, or use one of the fillers to make up the difference between what was there and what is available now. Either choice creates more work and can be a problem with some replacement or repair projects.

The above reminds me of a problem with metric items in years past. A German metric nut would not fit on a French or English bolt and vise versa. The reason was that each country used a different thread count. The situation made marine engine repairs most interesting as the parts (as well as the nuts and bolts) had to come from the same country as the engine. And you needed a metric tool set for the engine.

I have been fortunate enough to find, and purchase, a long shaft British Seagull 2hp outboard motor. It comes with the service/repair handbook (a useful item) and assorted literature. One concern was the requirement in the manual for leaded gasoline as such does not exist any more (there is also the ethanol question). Some of the local gas stations sell "marine fuel" (no ethanol). A query to the Catboat Association's email list (a number of knowledgeable people thereon) result in a "not to worry" as far as the unleaded part went as there are no valves in a Seagull engine. The ethanol question is another matter.

Our area was threatened in late August by a tropical storm. The projected impact was on Tuesday or Wednesday, which meant getting ready on the prior weekend as no one wanted to come down during the work week to take care of things at the coast. Of interest was the number of boat trailers under repair Saturday morning and early afternoon. Some of the trailers had been sitting for more than a year as the boats were on lifts or floating platforms. Frozen wheel bearings, flat tires, rusted axles, busted rollers, you name it and someone was working to fix the problem so they could pull their boat. Everyone succeeded and all the boats were pulled, but I wonder if they will do better preventative maintenance on the trailers in the future?

The floating platforms that hold the boats just out of the water are quite numerous in the canals at Shell Point. They are quite efficient in letting the owner pull the boat up on the platform or launching it (some use their outboard motors for both movements). The concept saves on the cost of bottom paint and permits working on the boat on all sides quite easily. I looked into all the options for *Hirado* only to find the systems are designed for low weight and low center of gravity. A boat displacing 7,200lbs with a draft of 3' just does not fit the specifications.

The systems that would work with my type of inboard powered boat need enough water to sink out from under the boat to float it and the boat goes aground in the slip on the winter low tides as it is. Our Sisu 22 sat quite nicely in a cable lift (two electric winches), but the additional piling and braces to suspend the 26' on a lift was not feasible.

Then there was what to do with a boat on a lift when a storm was coming. Leaving it up was not recommended and there would not be any place to tie it up while floating. When Hurricane Kate came through many years ago, the Sisu 22 was on the lift and I had to find a place to put it. The winds were too high to pull it on the trailer so I found an empty slip, tied the boat off and got out of Shell Point. With the Sisu 26 I strip the boat, add hurricane ties and hope for the best.

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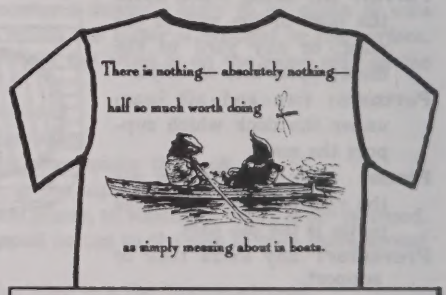

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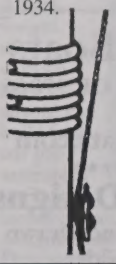

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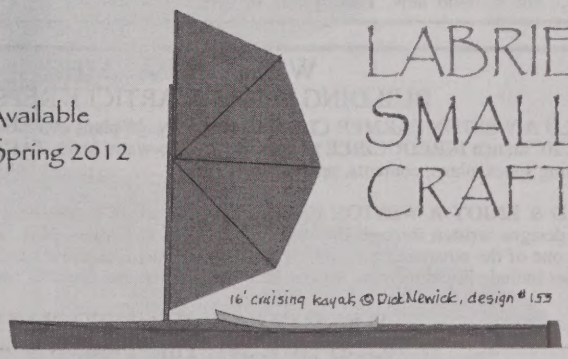

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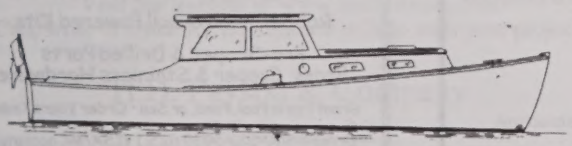

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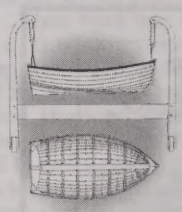

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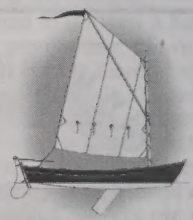

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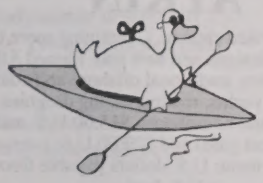

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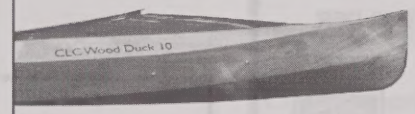

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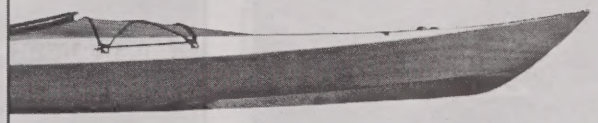

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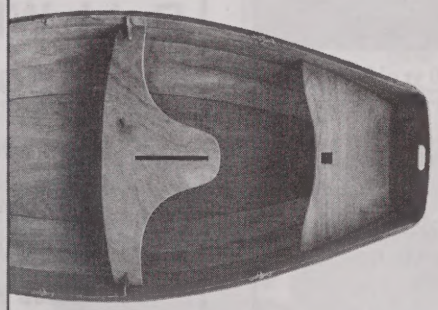

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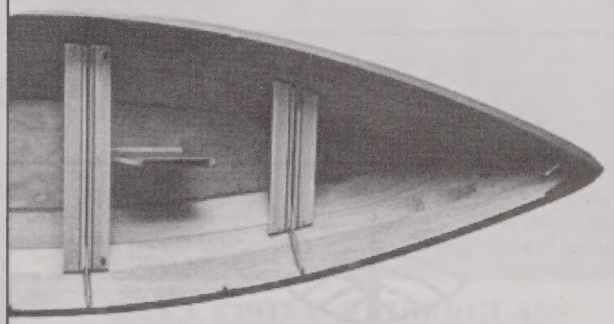

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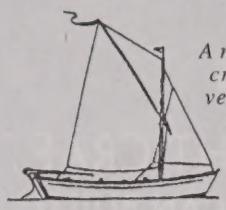

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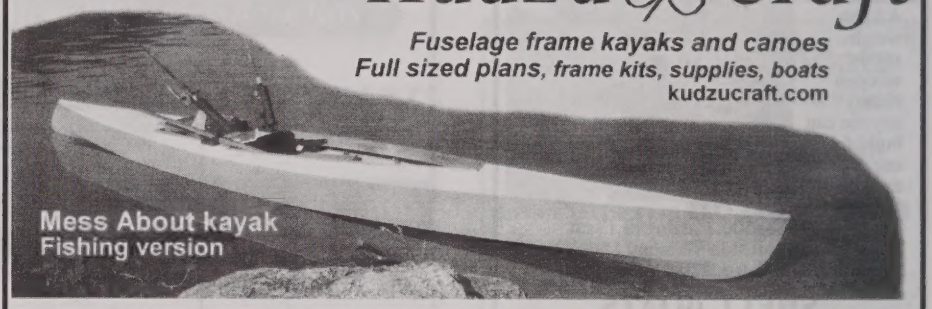

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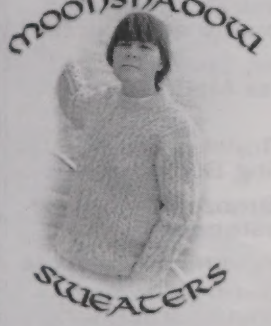

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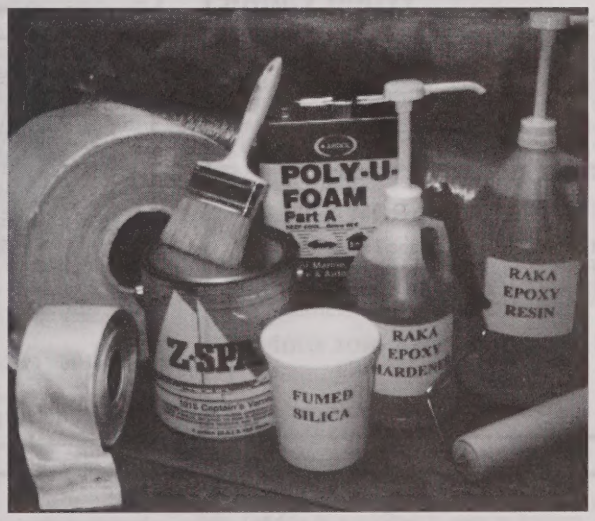

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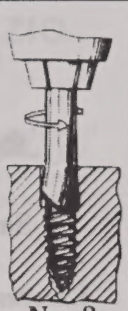

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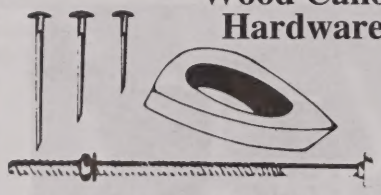

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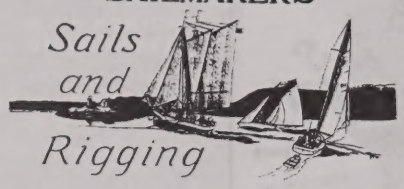

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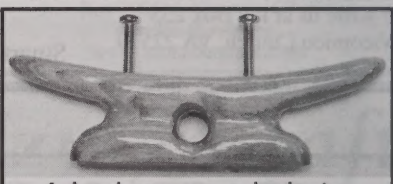

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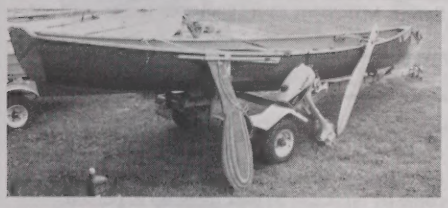

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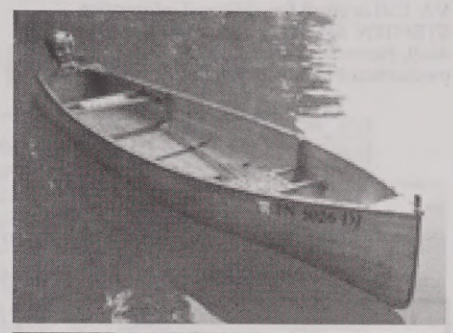

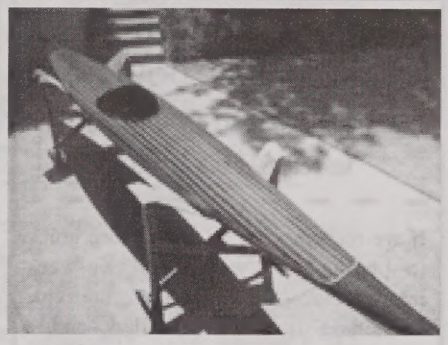

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12'6" Wilderness Systems Kayak, sit-on-top, a quality kayak w/little use. Incl paddle & backrest seat. $550.
BILL SCHWICK, Rockaway Point, Queens, NY, (718) 634-1819. (11)

16' Double-Ended Dory, traditionally built, on Load-Rite galvanized trlr w/new tires. Built in '09 of clear northern white pine lapstrake on white oak frames, copper rivets, bronze & ss fasteners, 1/2" white oak false bottom over 1" clear pine, ash gunnels, thwarts & grating. 4 8' oars w/leathers, tanbark sprit rigged sail new '10. Rudder, leeboard, 12' ash steering oar. Always stored in boatshed. $3,500. She just isn't big enough for a family of 5. *Escape* has sailed/rowed Lake George, NY, Naragansett Bay, RI Cape Porpoise, ME, Portsmouth Harbor NH, Casco Bay & islands from Portland to Small Point, ME as well as the Mystic CT and Merrimack MA rivers. Ideally I would trade for a Seaward Slipper or catboat but …
DON DILL, NH, (603) 456-3016, ddill1@tds.net (11)

Free 15' Snipe Sailboat, made by Thompson in the late '30s or early '40s. Partiality restored w/ sails, mast & boom. 90% of the hardware.
FRANK FULKERSON, Toledo, OH, (419) 385-3248, flkersons@bex.net. (11)

17.6' Winthrop Warner Bob Cat, cold-molded hull, gaff rigged catboat, white, boom tent, 5hp Evinrude o/b. Gd cond but needs some attention. A classic written up in catboat books. Resting on trlr, has all equipment needed for a great day on the bay. Priced to sell @ $3,900. Located Northen Neck of VA. Call or email for additional information.
STEPHEN SMITH, Heathsville, VA, (804) 580-4449, Fairweather@gmail.com, pwsherman@heron-cove.com (11)

Things You Should Know About Publication of Your Classified Ads

If we recieve your ad just before going to press, there will be a two-week interval during printing before the issue containing it will be mailed, and a further ten days to two weeks in the mail is added to the interval before your ad will be in readers' hands. If we receive your ad just after going to press, up to another two weeks will be added. Thus is can be from three to six weeks before your ad will appear. You can receive up to two more issues after sending in your ad before it will appear. It will not be in the next issue you receive for certain.

Are You Moving?

You may have told the Post Office but you didn't tell us. To assure missing no issues, please notify us six weeks in advance of your moving (including seasonal moves).

Mail Notification to:
Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St,
Wenham, MA 01984-1943
Telephone (978) 774-0906
7–10am or
5–9pm (no machine)
Email maib.office@gmail.com

'57 17' Skipper Craft Wooden Runabout, w/ Sea Land trlr & 50hp Merc. Top re-laminated, hull repainted. Incl original brochure & receipt. Runs like a demon.
BRYAN ROMANOWSKI, Cedar Knolls NJ, (973) 637-0776. BRomanowsky@gmail.com (11) (P)

BOATS WANTED

Peapod or Dory Wanted, my dog and I are in the market for an experienced restorable peapod or dory for recreational lobstering next season.
DICK WHEELER, Wareham, MA, (508) 291-1319, wheelerauk@comcast.net (12)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

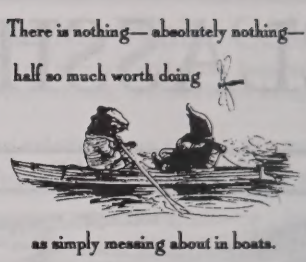
Sails & Rigging: Wildflower Boom, Rudder, Tiller, Daggerboard, 8'4" boom 1½" dia alum, loose foot; alum kick-up rudder w/mahogany tiller; mahogany daggerboard. $30 for all. Must pick up. **Flying Saucer Dacron Mainsail,** luff 14'8", leach 17'6", foot 7'6", rope luff and foot, battens, gd cond, no tears or stains. $30 + shipping costs. **Flying Saucer Dacron Jib,** luff 10', leach 11'4", foot 4', club foot pocket, no tears, minor rust stains, gd cond. $15 + shipping costs. **Flying Saucer Mast & Boom**, 15'alum mast, ss forestay & shrouds, slight aft rake; 8'7" alum boom. $50 for both. Must pick up. **Flying Dutchman Jr. #524 Rig**, nylon or light Dacron main, jib, mast, boom, cb, rudder & tiller, 20'5"spruce mast, grooved for luff rope, 8'8" wood boom grooved for rope foot; main luff 15'4", leach. 16'10", foot. 7'4", jib luff 11'0", leach. 13'9", foot. 6'0". Both sails in gd+ shape, no holes or tears. All items $100 obo. Must pick up. **Old Cotton Mainsail**, luff 16'0", leach 17'0", foot. 10'0". Track cars on rope luff, rope foot, one 2" mouse hole, some small patches & several stains. $10 + shipping. **Sailboard Sail**, exc cond, luff 14'4", leach 12'4", foot. 8'0". White w/ red trim, window. $25 + shipping.
BOB GROESCHNER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354-8048. (12)

GEAR FOR SALE

Karavan Galvanized Trailer, for 14'-16' boat. 1,500lb. capacity. Gd tires 4.80x8, gd bearings & hubs, bearing buddies, working lights, no rust on frame, solid bunks & rollers. Axle will need replacing soon. Karavan lists replacement axle for $60 + weldments & fasteners. Asking $75. Currently registered in CT.
BOB GROESCHNER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354-8048. (12)

Evinrude O/B, 25hp, long shaft, manual start, mid '80s, exc cond. $350.
BILL SCHWICK, Rockaway Point, Queens, NY, (718) 634-1819. (11)

Boat Trailer, $300 with FREE Bolger Fishcat. Optional, 25hp long shaft Yamaha 4-stroke w/tanks & battery (only 50 hours). $3,000.
MALCOLM FIFER, Warrior, AL, (205) 590-0169, msfifer@bellsouth.net (11) (P)



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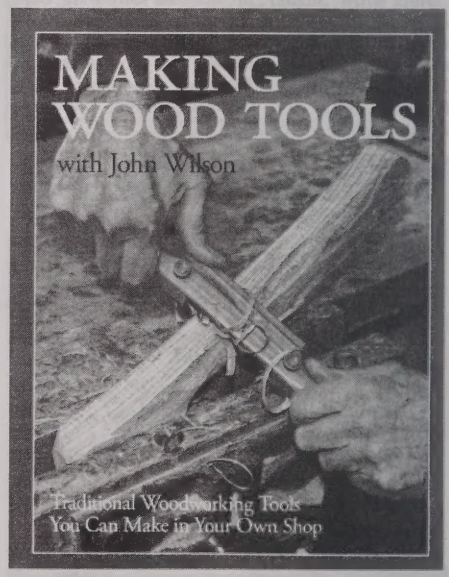
BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Free *MAIB* Back Issues, I have a complete run of *MAIB* from December 15, 1998 through April 1, 2005 free to anyone who will pay the shipping or come by NE Ohio to pick them up in person.
RICHARD GEE, OH, Geerichard@aol.com (12)



Making Wood Tools, by John Wilson. Veteran toolmaker and teacher John Wilson brings us what may be both the most beautiful book of the year as well as the most useful. Interesting stories, innovative designs and detailed plans introduce you to the age-old art of making for yourself the tools you use in your shop for working wood. 275 photos and 50 drawings. See our website ShakerOvalBox.com for a preview of the book. Call John at (517) 543-5325 and mention you are a subscriber to *MAIB* and receive $10 off the $39.95 price.
THE HOME SHOP, Charlotte, MI, (517) 543-5325. (11) (P)

Kayaks of Greenland, by Harvey Golden, 575pg softcover containing vast text and illustration detail about Eskimo kayaks. New cond, retails at $70, yours for $40 postpaid. ***Marine Conversions***, by Nigel Warren, 145pg hardcover printed in England in '78. Goes into detail about converting small auto engines for marine use. Gd cond, $15 postpaid. ***Seagull,*** 46pg parts catalog printed in England in '78 by British Seagull Co. New cond, $10 postpaid.
ROBERT WHITTIER, 17 Lodgepole Ln., Kingston, MA 02364. (11)

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www.Glen-L.com (TF)

Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

Boating with Family and Friends

ALL RIGHT CAPTAIN HOOK, WHERE COULD YOU BE GOING IN SUCH A HURRY AT TWO-THIRTY IN THE MORNING?
SIR, I'M ON MY WAY TO A LECTURE ABOUT HOW RECKLESS LIVING AND KEEPING LATE HOURS NEGATIVELY AFFECTS THE MALE BODY AND SOUL....
...THERE WILL ALSO BE A DISCUSSION CONCERNING FAMILY NEGLECT PLUS FINANCIAL CRISIS AND BANKRUPTCY...
WHO IS GIVING A SPEECH LIKE THAT AT THIS TIME OF THE DAY?
MY WIFE!
ARE YOU READY FOR A WEEKEND'S WORTH OF ADVENTURE ABOARD MY, HEY-HEY, YACHT?
SORRY THINGS ARE A BIT RUSTY, FRAYED AND ANTIQUATED, BUT IT'S ALL PAID FOR....
...THOUGH I WISH WE HAD UP TO DATE CHARTS, A NEWER WEATHER RADIO, AND CALMER SEAS....
THERE JUST BETTER BE TWO-PLY BATH TISSUE IN THE HEAD!
DAD, WHY DOES JUNIOR GET THE NEW DACRON CRUISING SAIL....
...A TRIPLE BRACKET MAST INSTRUMENT, OUR CALM DEEP WATER SLIP, AND FREE FUEL....
...WHILE I GET LEFTOVER EQUIPMENT, HAND-ME-DOWN GEAR, AND HAVE TO TOW MY BOAT EVERYWHERE?
MY DEAR, IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO INSURE EQUALITY BETWEEN YOU TWO!
HEY! WE CAN AFFORD TO KEEP OUR SKIFF, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CONVERT IT INTO A HYBRID....
...I'M GOING OUT TO BUY A VERTICAL WIND GENERATOR JUST FOR THAT!
THESE TOUGH ECONOMIC TIMES CAN'T KEEP YOUR HUSBAND FEELING DOWN....
...WHEN HE'S BROKE AND DEPRESSED SPENDING MONEY ON THE BOAT MAKES HIM CHEER UP!

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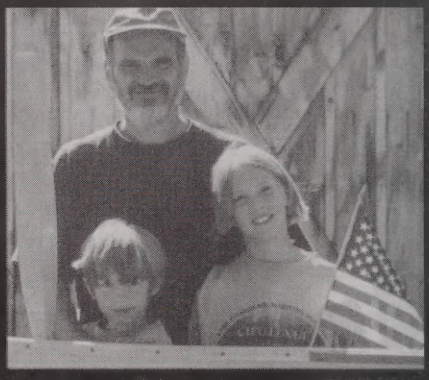
THE TIDE COMES IN; THE TIDE GOES OUT

Upcoming Shows

Oct 26-28 Country Living Fair, Atlanta, GA
Nov 2-3 Urbanna Oyster Festival, Urbanna, VA
Nov 8-11 Waterfowl Festival, Easton, MD
Jan 10-13 Nashville Boat Show, Nashville, TN
Jan 24-27 Strictly Sail, Chicago, IL
Feb 15-17 Southeastern Wildlife Expo, Charleston SC



Steve Kaulback founded Adirondack Guideboat 32 years ago. 15 years ago David Rosen came aboard. One of David's first observations was, "I can sell them faster than you can build them." (Which wasn't so much a testimony to his selling skills...but more to the quality, beauty and seaworthiness of their boats.)

It is still true that the company can sell them faster than they can be built....even with 7 year-round boatbuilders. And, it not only David who is doing the selling; Steve is endlessly on the road....and, as you know, the www never sleeps.

A year ago David bought Steve's interest in the company....and a month ago David sold the company to Justin and Ian Martin, brothers and long-time employees. This photo was taken as the boys were eating lunch, as usual, standing at their workbench. Justin, on the right, and Ian, on the left, came to us when Mad River Canoe left Vermont. They have been with us for 10 years and enjoy the deepest respect from all know them.

In our bones we know Justin and Ian are going to succeed. They have wonderful wives to lend support and new babies at home. Steve and David will continue working for the company, lending whatever skills they have. We hope you will give them your support, well-wishes and credit card numbers.

The new owners have authorized me to offer a 10% discount on composite boats till midnight, Dec 31, 2012.

Happy New Year. Happy new company.